TYRANNY IN A GLASS OF WATER **CARL CAHILL**

THE NATION

MARCH 19, 1977 60 cents

Oliphant, The Washington Star

THE CUBAN EXILES
Miami, Haven for Terror

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SUNSET LAWS
Ron Randall

ETHIOPIA, ERITREA & U.S. POLICY
Dan Connell

SIRACUSA, OUR MAN IN URUGUAY
Max Holland and Kai Bird

Philip Green on the I.Q. Controversy

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LETTERS

many thanks

Washington, D.C.
The issue of February 12 was superb; just what is needed in a weekly magazine at this particular point in U.S. history. I liked especially the articles on terror and anti-Semitism in Argentina by Harry Maurer and the international arms trade by Michael Klare. These are just two examples of the wreckage which American foreign policy has wrought around the world. . . . Your editorial on another aspect of the wreckage, the remnants of an Americanized Vietnam, was also particularly apt, serving to temper the missionary zeal which has even subtly influenced the U.S. Left.

Michael Moffitt

moral issue of unemployment

Washington, D.C.
There is something marvelous about Helen Ginsburg's concern for full employment in this country ["Jobs for All," *The Nation*, Feb. 5]. She sees a moral issue in our levels of unemployment, while most politicians seem only to see the trees.

I have yet to see convincing evidence that we cannot have full employment . . . if we have the moral will to pursue the policies to secure it. I have yet to see convincing evidence that we cannot have full employment without that unacceptably high inflation which itself cuts into employment.

I have seen a lot of deliberate distortion about our recent inflation and about the size of federal debt, and I sense a lot of interest in maintaining a large and relatively docile labor pool. I sense, also, some union uneasiness about a full employment policy unless it sufficiently protects the interests of those in organized labor. . . .

What is refreshing about Ginsburg's article is the emphasis on the socially moral imperative of providing productive and remunerative work for those who can work. That emphasis should be a centerpiece of our government's social policy.

Mathew H. Ahmann, Associate Director
National Conference of Catholic Charities

India also has virtues

Quogue, N.Y.
While lamenting the imperfections of democracy in the government of Mrs. Gandhi and the Congress Party [editorial, *The Nation*, Feb. 5], we should remember India's constant rejection of military pacts and foreign military bases since 1947, a substantial contribution to world peace and stability; its boycott of South Africa because of apartheid, both politically and in trade; its censure of our excesses in Vietnam . . . the expense of losing U.S. aid when India needed it. No other nonaligned country has done as much to combat racism and imperialism. The public sector of its economy is healthy and has grown steadily each year since 1950; outcasts are obtaining their legal rights and the landless are receiving land, at paces slow enough to avoid serious disruption yet fast enough to prevent stalling.

A final virtue is that India preserved its parliamentary form of government with broad franchise during the nineteen months of the "emergency measures" when this was threatened as seriously as Hitler threatened the Weimar Republic.

Richard H. Post

the right to judge

Chicago, Ill.
This past week I received a letter from your publisher imploring me to renew my subscription to *The Nation*, based on the moral principles and humane politics which your magazine allegedly espouses. The credibility of your appeal was severely diminished by your editorial "What Right to

(Continued on page 340)

EDITORIALS

Time to Pay Our Dues

On March 7, UNCTAD (United Nations Conference on Trade and Development) convened in Paris its Negotiating Conference on the Common Fund. The event went almost unremarked by the American press, no doubt because such affairs so often appear to be oratorical exercises in frustration. In this case, however, that assessment would be wrong. The negotiations on the Common Fund constitute an important phase in the North-South economic dialogue—or what the Third World views as the drive for a "new international economic order." The Paris meeting presents a major challenge to the Carter administration and a fundamental test of its intentions in the crucial realm where economic and foreign policy converge.

For more than twenty years—at least since the first gathering at Bandung, Indonesia, in 1955, of what would later become the nonaligned nations—Third World countries have demanded reforms in the world system of investment and trade. Dozens of international economic forums have brought the industrialized North and the underdeveloped South only a shade closer to agreement, but the meetings have given African, Asian and Latin American leaders an invaluable opportunity to shape common goals, share information and, most important, to arrive at a new understanding of their economic position.

Their theory, put most simply, is that the developed capitalist economies feed on and reproduce the underdevelopment of the Third World. Faced with growing inequality between the world's rich and poor, the Third World nations are calling for higher prices and more stable markets for the raw materials they sell, renegotiation of their crippling foreign debts, and accords that would protect their economies from being bled by global corporations.

The proposed Common Fund is central to the Third World vision of a new order. It would be financed by the West, the Eastern bloc nations and the Third World, and would be used to establish stockpiles of essential commodities and raw materials. Since World War II, countries producing such commodities have suffered a sharp decline in their terms of trade, and have been frequently devastated by precipitous price collapses. By using stockpiles as buffers to ease market swings—selling when a particular raw material is scarce and buying when it again becomes plentiful—both price and supply could be kept stable.

Successive American governments have been the strongest opponents of such a plan, preferring to negotiate commodity market agreements only when absolutely necessary and then on a one-by-one basis. The spectacular success of OPEC in 1973 and 1974 put the commodity producers on the offensive and forced Secretary of State Kissinger to take a more conciliatory line on North-South negotiations; but his proposed alternative to the Common Fund, presented at last year's UNCTAD Conference in Nairobi, was so unacceptable to Third

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World states as to be virtually insulting. Kissinger offered the Third World a new international bank that would finance raw materials enterprises by private corporations in underdeveloped countries—thus protecting the multinationals from financial risk and incidentally insuring them against expropriation.

During his campaign, President Carter hinted that he would be more receptive to the economic aspirations of the underdeveloped countries that provide us with the raw materials for our cornucopia of consumer goods. But once in office his tone changed, and a *New York Times* report suggested last month that Carter's advisers do not favor the Common Fund and will be little more forthcoming than Kissinger. Instead, they are considering increased foreign aid—an approach to development whose proven ineffectiveness is matched by its notorious tendency to be subordinated to political considerations.

What the Third World countries need, in the words of their own slogan, is "trade, not aid." A policy that ignored that fact would amount to a profound and dangerous mistake. Further stonewalling by the United States can only strengthen the radicals among the nonaligned nations, who already consider the Common Fund too great a compromise. Also, allowing the Third World to sink deeper into poverty can only bring more of the political unrest, and resulting repression, that President Carter abhors.

If the moral arguments for improving the Third World's trade position are not compelling enough, it should be obvious that the effort, which will cause Americans some small sacrifice, would be in our long-term interest. The Arabs have already pledged $1.5 billion for the Common Fund, which is estimated to require $6 billion to be effective. The Soviet bloc has supported the fund concept but has not yet backed policy with cash. A bold shift in policy by the Carter administration, lending both political and financial support to the Common Fund, would do much to improve our standing with the commodity producers, whose friendship becomes more important to us day by day.

'Good Afternoon, Phyllis'

The odds that any one of the 9 million or so American citizens who dialed the President on the famous radio call-in would actually get through to him were about one in 214,000. A bad bet by normal standards, but of course the randomly lucky forty-two who took part in that broadcast quiz show were not the only winners. The President himself won a public relations sweepstakes, CBS gained a prize for enterprise and technical skill, even Ma Bell got good marks for the world's most persistent busy signal. And, by most accounts, the polity itself has come out a winner from this extraordinary exercise in communications.

The most politically interesting comments on it are to the effect that Congress had better watch out. Carter, it is said, is so good at this kind of low-key responsiveness to the public's concerns that, should he ever feel that he had to "go over the heads of Congress" with a direct popular appeal for a law or program, the legisla-

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tors would be snowed under by a quickly organized mass-pressure group.

It should be remembered that Carter, when he was just an anti-Washington "outsider" running for the Presidency, often promised that he would do just that if Congress dared to stand in the way of the people's interests (that is, of his interpretation of those interests). Now, six weeks into his term, he has shown, with great skill and a certain charm, that he is a master at this very special kind of pressure.

The term "demagogue" has not been used to characterize the President's performance on March 5. Perhaps that is because he was not pushing any one particular line in his responses to those forty-two questioners. He was all over the lot, as were his interlocutors. Yet in the literal sense of that term he was directly acting on *the people and their feelings about their country*. And the effect was enormously powerful.

It therefore seems reasonable to ask if there are any inherent dangers in this new form of dialogue between the Chief Magistrate and the people who elected him. Perhaps the first point to make is that it *was* a dialogue —as against a one-way communication from a chief to his flock—and that this give-and-take greatly magnified the impact. Orations, as all history shows, can move masses of people to action, but an exchange between "leader" and "led" involves much more highly charged emotions. Even the more trivial questions (was son Chip a free-loader in the White House?, and why not ship Eastern snow to water the dry West?), and the President's answers to them (they could be called magisterial, however low the key) demonstrated that quality.

It is tempting to speculate on the effect of this device if FDR had used it to advance his "Court-packing" proposal in 1937. Roosevelt had a strong popular case against the "nine old men" of the Supreme Court, who had for so long blocked his social reforms with their conservative views—the opposition to his plan came mainly from the elites. If Richard Nixon had had a slightly stronger case in the Watergate affair (and a more appealing personality to go with it), perhaps he might have got away with his murder of the Constitution. There are many other cases from the past, and easily imaginable ones in the future, where a President could sway masses with the understated rhetoric of questions and answers—possibly "fixed" ones in the old quiz-show-scandal style.

If we express a certain degree of apprehension about the possible uses of this powerful technique by an unscrupulous Chief Executive, we are doing no more than remind ourselves of the inherent great powers of that highest office. It is something the founders were thoroughly aware of and even feared. The threat of abuse of those powers remains and has grown with the expansion of the national strength, the complexity of the problems facing this society. President Carter's skillful use of the device of dialogue with the people merely underscores an ancient American problem and raises the possibility that a sinister misuse of the modern techniques of communication could be employed by a President skilled in talking with the populace.

Mail Fraud

Speaking of communications—genuine and fake, honest and crooked, healthy and pathological—there is the matter of "personal" letters from the President. Gerald Ford's chief speechwriter, Milton Friedman, spilled the beans on this racket on *The New York Times* Op-Ed page of March 3, revealing that 191,578 mechanical forgeries of Ford's signature were affixed to "personal" letters from the President in 1976. That compares to some 10,000 signatures a year from the "autopen" of Lyndon Baines Johnson not very long ago. The monstrous fakery of direct personal contact is growing wildly and Friedman puts it up to President Carter to end this "symbiosis of mutual deception."

The deception lies mainly in the fact that the President never sees the mountain of mail that arrives each day at the White House. It is processed by clerks, whose job it is to pick the right form for that "personal" response—"P.D." for the widow of a slain policeman, P-814 for reply to "chatty letters from children," PR-70 for a get-well letter solicited by the relatives of someone who is ill, etc., etc.

The amazing feature of this elaborate fraud is that people go on believing in its genuineness even when common sense should tell them that it must be phony. The pathetic fallacy is at work here, in this case endowing that great abstraction, the Presidency, with human qualities on a scale it could not possibly possess. It takes frantic energy to write as many as two dozen letters a day, if one does nothing else, and Gerald Ford's average daily output last year, seven days a week, was 525.

President Carter, with his pledges to be honest and open, should put an end to what Friedman calls "the bionic Presidency." He could go on with the process of demystifying his All-Powerfulness by doing what most of the rest of us do—admit that we can't answer all our mail and let it go at that.

Repairing the 90-Mile Bridge

The seventy-nine-year history of United States relations with Cuba, since we helped to "liberate" it in 1898, has been marked by long periods of the sulks. We seem never to have understood why the Cubans have not looked on our various kinds of intervention there as a series of selfless benefactions. We apparently cannot grasp that our fiddling with Cuba's national life strikes its people as beginning with military rule, continuing with economic exploitation through the connivance of corrupted puppet leaders, and now persisting, for the whole period since Fidel Castro's successful revolution, in subversion, attempted assassination, naval blockade and an enforced isolation from the economic life of the rest of the Western Hemisphere.

If ever a national policy has proved its complete bankruptcy, U.S. behavior toward Cuba has done so. The failure is particularly striking during the nearly twenty years of Castroism. However, it would now appear that a sharp change of direction in U.S. policy is at least in the offing. It will not be easy to bring about, even

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with the best will in the world on the part of President Carter, given the heavy burdens carried over from the miserable past.

Benjamin Bradlee, executive editor of *The Washington Post*, had two long and remarkable conversations with Castro in Havana recently. They reveal much about how relations between the Colossus of the North and the Pearl of the Antilles could possibly be "normalized," as seems to be Carter's desire. It may be excessive to say that it is what Castro also desires—his tone suggests more that he is willing to shake hands, as long as he is not asked to make any concessions in order to produce that gesture. It is quite clear, for example, that Castro will not dump his Russian friends who have kept his economy afloat during all these years of Cuba's diplomatic isolation from neighbors eager above all else to stay cozy with us. Nor will he enroll in Mr. Carter's school of human rights; he feels that the U.S. record in this regard (including the CIA's various bungled efforts to knock him off) unfits us to stand behind that particular moral lectern. As for another precondition of better U.S.-Cuban relations that Carter seems to have in mind—the removal of Cuban troops from southern Africa—Castro asks the unanswerable question: why does Cuba not have the same right to come to the aid of its "friends," wherever they may be, that we do? (The right of major powers to flex their muscles in the interest of "world order" is something that lesser powers always have trouble to understand.)

But while he sticks stubbornly to his guns, literally and figuratively, it is clear from the Bradlee interview that Castro would very much like to resume trading with this country. That would mean ending the famous embargo, and he says quite openly that all he would offer in return for this "concession" is goodwill. That will not look like much of a bargain to the ideological hawks of Congress, with their nostalgic hankering for a compliant dependency 90 miles off the coast of Florida—a dependency which will never reappear, it should realistically be said, without an unthinkable military conquest. The road back to normalcy with Cuba will be long, steep and bumpy.

In this issue we publish a chilling account of the right-wing terrorist community of Cuban exiles in and around Miami. It is the spawn of nearly two decades of vicious anti-Castroism, encouraged and largely paid for by our own CIA and its grimy allies of the underworld. It is depressing to read about the support highly placed American politicians have given to the sponsors of these guns-for-hire and fanatical assassins.

If even slow movement toward re-establishing normal relations with Castro's Cuba takes place, terrorist outrages originating in that community are bound to increase in this country, as part of a desperate effort to halt the reconciliation of Washington and Havana. It must be made clear to these desperadoes that the full power of local, state and federal police authority will be used to put an end to their murderous activities. The fallout of this country's short-sighted anti-Castroism has already spread too far.

Tyranny in a Glass of Water

Carl Cahill

It started in 1969 when the city council in my home town of Chesapeake, Va. passed a law requiring all residents to hook onto city water lines.

A number of cities in the nation have mandatory connection ordinances, as they are called, but they seldom have to be enforced, since most people prefer city water. Or did before the Environmental Protection Agency revealed that water quality is poor in more than half the city systems. The Chesapeake ordinance however, went further: it made use of wells illegal where city water was available.

Then I read Paul Brodeur's book, *The Expendable Americans*, with its terrifying descriptions of the ubiquitousness and insidiousness of asbestos, a mineral put in thousands of products from insulation to talcum powder. According to Brodeur, more than a million asbestos fibers can be laid side by side in a linear inch. They are so small they can be seen only with an electron microscope. They are so tiny they pass readily through the placental wall, the only substance to do so. Inhaled, the fibers cause cancer. Doctors have long known that asbestos workers have a disproportionately high incidence of cancer, not only of the lungs but of the stomach and colon, presumably because they swallow the fibers in their sputum.

Shortly after I read *The Expendable Americans*, the Chesapeake Department of Public Utilities began installing asbestos-cement pipes throughout the city. And I opened a file on asbestos in water, including my correspondence with the Environmental Protection Agency and various experts on cancer and asbestos. Soon I was notified by the city to hook up to the asbestos-cement pipes or else be taken to court. The hookup cost: $500.

Acting as my own attorney, I filed suit in Chesapeake Circuit Court, seeking an injunction to prevent the City of Chesapeake from requiring me to use city water. My grounds: The pipes were potentially hazardous to health. I took to trial some of my growing file of legal, technical and medical papers, written by the nation's foremost authorities on asbestos and cancer. But Circuit Judge Jerry Bray refused to admit any of my evidence. Indeed, he rejected even a verbatim transcript of remarks made by federal Judge Phillips Lord in the now famous reserve mining case in which Judge Lord stated he found evidence of hazard in asbestos in water.

Nor would Judge Bray admit a self-serving brochure published by Johns-Manville in defense of the pipes, in which Johns-Manville admitted that water passing through

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Carl Cahill runs a one-man ad agency in Norfolk, Va.

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the pipes erodes asbestos fibers which are then carried into homes where they are ingested.

Judge Bray dismissed my complaint for lack of evidence. I had considered asking him to disqualify himself since the City of Chesapeake, the defendant, pays half his salary (the state pays the other half), gives him a car, parking place, secretary, provides him with an office, telephone and buys his toilet paper. But Judge Bray is a humorless man.

I sued a second time, still acting as my own attorney, on the ground that the city ordinance making wells illegal is unconstitutional. My adversary in court was Ron Hallman, deputy city attorney, an engaging young man with whom I sometimes play tennis.

Hallman threw various dilatory pleas at me, including one complaining that I had not numbered the paragraphs in my suit. Each one of his pleas was denied. One, citing the doctrine of res judicata, was so involved it caused me to spend hours in the Norfolk-Portsmouth Bar Association Law Library. (In citing res judicata, Hallman claimed the issues had been decided in my earlier case.)

Res judicata sent me to an attorney, Paul Lipkin, a thorough and dedicated man. Meantime, my file on wells, asbestos pipes and cancer grew larger. The EPA had started a study on the problem of asbestos in water supplies, including the relationship of asbestos-cement pipes to cancer. But the Chesapeake Department of Public Utilities, despite the growing controversy over the pipes, continued to install them throughout the city.

The months passed; then a year and finally almost two years, with my fight continuing in court. Finally, my attorney and Hallman agreed to stipulate the facts in the case and then present both written and oral arguments. The City of Chesapeake agreed that my well produces clear, pure, good-tasting water. I agreed that I am not complying with the law.

I contend I have a basic right to quench my thirst from my well. Appellate courts throughout the United States have held consistently that water underlying a man's property is his to do with what he pleases. It pleases me to drink water from my well. Philip W. Quigg in the May *Audubon Magazine* says that well water is of better quality than surface water, which is where most city water comes from. Well water also is relatively immune from contamination and it costs less. I get 1,000 gallons of water from my well for 5 cents worth of electricity. The same amount of water from the city would cost me 70 cents.

The Department of Public Utilities claims everyone must buy city water if the department is to be self-supporting. Asbestos-cement pipe is cheaper than other kinds of pipe and the department is choosing economy over safety.

Meantime, my lawyer is working on legal briefs.

I'm a bit puzzled, though. Of Chesapeake's 100,000 residents I stand alone in trying to keep my well and avoid drinking asbestos fibers.

Without exception, those who have inquired about my violating the city ordinance and the progress of my lawsuit, have commented: "Well, you gotta die from something." To which I reply: "Yeah, but I reserve the right to choose my own poison."

Early in November I ran into Ron Hallman in the Great Bridge Shopping Center and we went into Rose's for a cup of coffee. We chatted idly for a while until Hallman told me that he was buying a house in Fentress, a rural community in Chesapeake not served by city water.

"Wait a minute, you S.O.B.," I said in mock anger. "You're trying to put me in jail for drinking well water and you are moving out in the country where you can drink it."

Hallman laughed. "Yeah, that city water tastes awful. Besides my wife is on a health food kick and won't eat or drink anything with additives in it."

At year's end he had sold his house in Essex Meadows where he drank city water and was preparing to move to Fentress.

Also at year's end Hallman had written Circuit Judge William Hodges asking him, in effect, to get on with oral arguments in my case, but had gotten no reply, possibly because Judge Hodges is one of the busiest jurists in Tidewater Virginia and can't find a time for hearing the oral arguments. So that's how it stands. □

THE CUBAN EXILES

MIAMI, HAVEN FOR TERROR

The following article is by a Cuban-American professional, now living in the United States, who for obvious reasons cannot be identified here.

After a lull of eight months, terrorism in Miami hit the front pages of newspapers again in January, when two members of the Brigade 2506 were assassinated by gunmen in the streets of Little Havana. Brigade 2506 is the short name for the Bay of Pigs Fighters Association Assault Brigade 2506, formed by the veterans of the U.S.-sponsored invasion of Cuba in 1961. Juan José Peruyero, 47, a former president of the association, was killed on January 7 as he was about to step into his car, by gunmen said to be driving a gold Cadillac (*Miami Herald*, January 8); Alberto Picó, 52, was felled by a lone gunman on January 28 (*Miami Herald*, January 30).

These murders caused great commotion in the Miami Cuban community, where the usual accusations were hurled against the "Castro agents" who had supposedly

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committed them. However, despite the clamor about "Castro agents," whenever arrests are made or convictions handed down in connection with terrorist violence in Miami, the persons involved turn out to be known members of the community with long records of anti-Castro activity.

Cuban terrorism in Miami is one of the most poorly covered stories in the history of U.S. journalism. It also constitutes a monumental (and peculiar) failure on the part of U.S. investigative agencies. Eighty percent of the 100 and more bombings and killings in the Miami area since 1974 remain unsolved. Congressional hearings, grand juries, and similar actions have been markedly ineffective. And for good reason: Cuban terrorism in Miami has strong connections with the activities of U.S. agencies against the present Cuban Government, and with the power structure of the Cuban community in Miami.

The situation is almost unprecedented; even Chicago in the 1920s offers no basis for comparison. An intricate web links anti-Castro terrorists, Cuban community leaders, U.S. investigative agencies, U.S. politicians and officials, drug smugglers, "protection" peddlers, newspapers (especially the dozens of "little newspapers" which flourish within the Cuban community) and companies engaged in international business in the Caribbean and Central America. To trace all the connections would require the energies of a team of really intrepid investigative reporters. However, even now, there is enough information to raise some seriously worrisome questions.

Between the assassination attempt against radio journalist Emilio Milian (who lost both legs when a bomb exploded in his car on last April 30) and the death of Juan Peruyero on January 7, there was relative quiet in Miami. However, this "truce" coincided with a marked increase of terrorism against Cuban airplanes, Cuban diplomats abroad, and countries engaged in trade with Cuba. These activities reached a horrible climax on October 6, 1976, when a bomb exploded aboard a Cubana airplane in flight off the coast of Barbados and killed seventy-three persons. These deaths have set in motion a complex of events that may eventually prove to be the turning point for terrorism both within and outside the United States and for related matters, such as the general issue of relations between Cuba and the United States.

Since the Cubana plane bombing, and while the trial of those accused of committing or instigating the crime goes on in Caracas, Venezuela (an event that is also of very little apparent interest to the U.S. press), information that has gradually emerged suggests links between the Cuban exiles and the Letelier assassination in Washington last September, and uncovers the relationship of U.S.-based organizations to anti-Cuban terrorism abroad.

Havana has given the requisite six-month notice that it will cancel the 1973 U.S.-Cuba anti-hijacking agreement because of the Cubana plane bombing, and the Carter administration must face, before April 15, the task of negotiating a new agreement with Cuba. This will require the United States to take a strong and unambiguous stand on the prosecution of terrorists. It will not be easy, because the United States is responsible for training a true army of gunmen, explosive technicians, expert smugglers and men generally skilled in the techniques of secret landings, guerrilla warfare, etc. These men were taught, before and after the invasion carried out by Brigade 2506, to perform a variety of violent activities against the Cuban Government. They earned their livings by such work, being paid for it by the United States Government. Furthermore, they were able to justify their behavior because they were helped to see themselves as heroes, fighting for democracy and the liberation of Cuba.

Between 600,000 and 700,000 Cubans live in the United States, about half of them in the Miami area. After the Bay of Pigs, the United States gradually withdrew its massive direct support of these exile anti-Castro groups, but in the early 1960s, so Miami papers reported, one Cuban out of five in the area was employed by the CIA. Five or six years later, this flow of money had dropped to a trickle, most of it moving in complex, indirect channels.

The change of U.S. policy left unemployed in and around Miami a large number of men, many of whom were well-trained as counterrevolutionary shock troops, but who lacked any other signficant skills with which to make their way into the American middle class. Some of them, attempting to survive by using their "skills," have found employment in illegal activities for private gain. Furthermore, it seems inevitable that now, as in the past, "the terrorists will continue their attempts to keep the two countries apart by the only method they know—further acts of violence. . . ." (*U.S. News & World Report*, December 6, 1976.)

Early in the summer of 1976, the Coordination of United Revolutionary Organizations (CORU) was organized to carry out attacks against Cuban diplomatic missions, Cuban vessels and those engaged in trade with Cuba, as well as those promoting coexistence with the Castro regime. For this purpose the coordinators managed to unify five anti-Castro organizations: the Cuban Action Movement, the Brigade 2506, the Cuban National Liberation Front, the F-14 organization and the Cuban Nationalist Movement. CORU's strategy was to eliminate terrorism within the United States and to launch a succession of violent attacks elsewhere. In this way, the leadership hoped to assure itself of access to resources within the United States, to protect its membership from active prosecution by U.S. agencies and to avoid a strong public reaction against terrorism. That is the analysis given by *Réplica*, the Miami Cuban weekly of largest circulation, on July 8, 1976. The immediate effect was the aforementioned "lull" in Miami terrorism and the barrage of attacks against Cuban targets abroad.

This strategy must be seen in the context of the international situation. Cuba's participation in the Angolan struggle and the dynamics of an electoral year in the United States (where an incumbent President was being seriously challenged from the Right for his party's nomination) stalled for a time the approach to normal U.S.-Cuban relations that had been observed during 1974 and 1975. In particular, Secretary Kissinger's blustering re-

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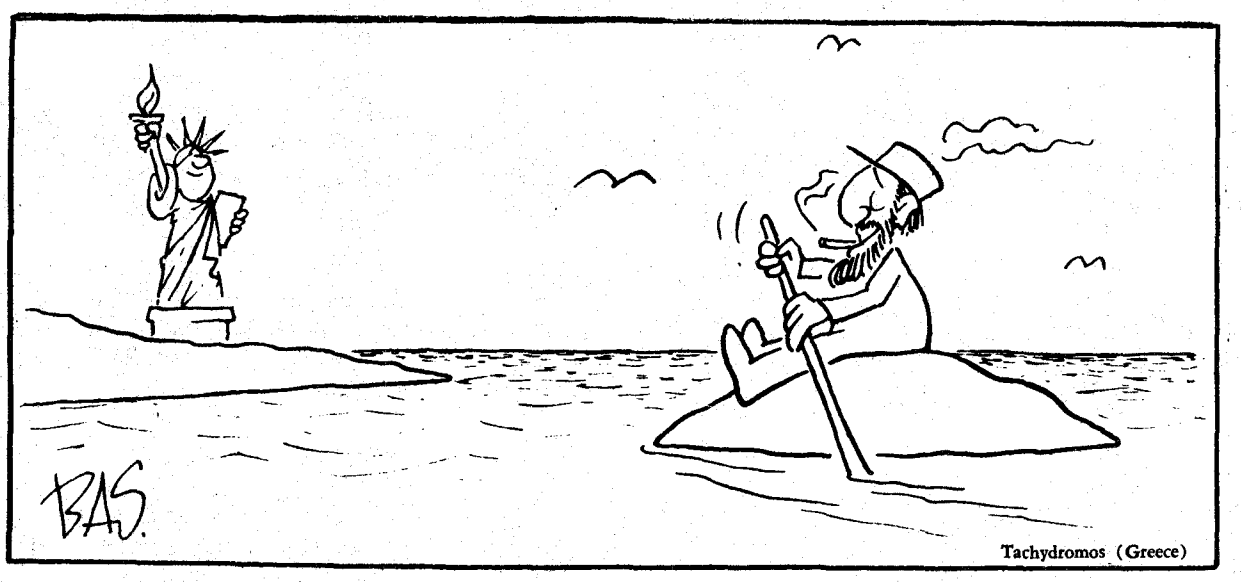
marks of March 14, 1976, about the Cuban presence in Angola were taken as a promising sign by the Cuban counterrevolutionaries. They and their allies saw a new opportunity to harass the Cuban regime and those countries—principally in the Caribbean region—that had established diplomatic relations with Cuba, or were engaged in their own revolutionary dynamics.

On April 6, two Cuban fishing boats, *Ferro 119* and *Ferro 123*, were attacked by "fishing" boats coming from Miami. Cuban fisherman Bienvenido Mauriz was killed. On April 22, a bomb exploded at the Cuban Embassy in Portugal, killing two persons. A day earlier, *Réplica* published a special report on the resumption of guerrilla training by Alpha 66, a militant anti-Castro organization. Its leader, Nazario Sargen, stated in this article that "In politics you must wait for the proper time . . . and Castro has provoked a crisis in Africa which could mean the beginning of a new process toward the liberation of Cuba. . . . Africa is a trap for Castro. The Caribbean is also a challenge. We are approaching significant elements among exiles and also in Latin America so that everybody will be alert." . . .

Alpha 66, which had not met in four years, held its second congress from July 9 to 11 in Miami (*Réplica*, July 8, 1976). On July 5, the Cuban mission to the U.N. was bombed. On July 9, a bomb exploded in a van that was moving luggage to a Cubana airplane at the airport of Kingston, Jamaica. On July 10, a bomb exploded at the offices of the British West Indies Airline in Barbados (BWIA represents Cuban airline interests in Barbados). On July 17, there were three terrorist attacks in Bogotá, Colombia: the targets were the automobile of Enrique Mejía, a Colombian economist, in the neighborhood of the Cuban Embassy; the Air Panama offices, and the Cuban Embassy. On July 23, Orestes Ruiz Hernández, Gaspar Eugenio Jiménez and allegedly Gustavo Castillo, an uncaptured suspect, attempted to kidnap the Cuban consul in Mérida. They did not succeed, but murdered Artagnan Días, a Cuban fishing expert, during the attack. On July 24, Armando Santana, Jorge Gómez and Alfredo Chumaceiro attempted to bomb the Academy of Music in New York, where a 26th of July celebration was scheduled to take place. (For being caught redhanded while undertaking this feat, the trio received three-year sentences; presumably they will be eligible for parole in time to attempt a bombing of the 1977 26th of July celebration.)

On August 9, two officials of the Cuban Embassy in Argentina were kidnapped. On August 18, Cubana Airline offices in Panama were bombed. During September 3 to 6, the Brigade 2506 held its *first* congress. On September 21, Orlando Letelier was assassinated by a bomb planted in his car in Washington; Ronnie Moffitt was also killed. On October 6, the Cubana airplane exploded off the coast of Barbados. On October 7, the Cuban Embassy in Caracas was fired upon from a passing van. On November 9, the Cuban Embassy in Madrid was bombed.



Tachydromos (Greece)

This stepped-up campaign of terror, primarily against Cuban diplomatic and commercial missions, as well as against those trading with Cuba, was focused on the Caribbean area. Politically, the goal seems to have been to create embarrassing situations between Cuba and certain Caribbean countries, particularly Venezuela, the country where one of CORU's leaders, Orlando Bosch, was then living.

Carlos Andres Pérez, the new Venezuelan President, had been following a rather independent foreign policy; relationships with Cuba had been re-established and there was talk of a possible oil deal with Cuba (it was consummated). Moreover, although Pérez could hardly be termed a radical by any normal standards, his nationalistic policies with respect to Venezuela's oil resources were seen by some rightist elements, particularly those within the armed forces, as moving Venezuela into an independent, anti-United States role in OPEC.

The stage was thus set for an attempt to embarrass the Pérez administration, and at the same time to drive a wedge between Cuba and Venezuela. It seemed not a difficult task, particularly since well-known Cuban exiles, among them Ricardo Morales Navarrete and Luís Posada Carriles had occupied, and in some cases still did occupy, high positions in the Venezuelan security forces.

But Fidel Castro and the rest of the Cuban leadership did not permit the Cubana plane bombing to endanger

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relations with Venezuela. Cuban officials exonerated Venezuelan authorities of all responsibility for that atrocity, while at the same time demanding decisive action against the terrorists.

Meanwhile, a new administration was elected in the United States and the overall context of terrorism against Cuba changed once again. With further steps toward normal U.S.-Cuban relations now likely, the CORU leadership and strategy have fallen into disarray, and terrorism has re-emerged in Miami.

The deaths in January of Brigade members Peruyero and Picó are still unsolved—as, for that matter, are all major politically related murders committed within the Cuban community since 1974. In only one case, that of Luciano Nieves, have indictments even been handed down, and even there the two main suspects were never apprehended and the two main accomplices jumped a ridiculously low $10,000 bail.

In early February, representatives of local, state and federal law-enforcement agencies met in Miami and promised—yet again—swift action. But promises come cheap in Miami, and it is not a good sign that Raul J. Díaz, a Cuban officer in the Organized Crime Bureau, Terrorist and Security Unit of the Dade County Public Safety Department, and one of the two men who testified about terrorism in Miami during 1976 hearings of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, has been promoted to a post that removes him from the investigation of terrorism. This was done, it is thought, because of "community" pressure. The truth is that a thorough investigation would probably uncover connections which, if followed to the end, would set off a monumental scandal.

If there were to be such an investigation, a promising place to start would be the Brigade 2506. Whether as victims, participants or informants, the names of Brigade members persistently show up whenever major terrorist activities are investigated.

Several members of the Brigade, including Armando López Estrada, Bernardo González, and its current president Roberto Carballo, were called to testify before a federal grand jury investigating the death of Letelier (*Réplica*, January 13). During that investigation, the Brigade was accused of connections with DINA, the Chilean intelligence agency (*Miami Herald*, February 2).

Luís Posada Carriles, one of those accused in the Cubana airplane trial in Venezuela, was a member of Brigade 2506 at the time of the Bay of Pigs. He did not himself land in Cuba, but after the invasion he received intelligence training in the U.S. Army. He then got further training in explosives from the CIA, worked for that agency and later became an intelligence aide to Carlos Andres Pérez, who was then Venezuelan Interior Minister. (*The New York Times*, October 24, 1976.)

The Brigade 2506 is one of the five organizations that have been part of CORU since its founding. The August 1976 issue of *Girón* (official newspaper of the Brigade, published in Miami) reproduced several CORU "war communiqués." Among other things, these:

¶Threatened to attack the Mexican Government if Orestes Ruiz Hernández and Gaspar Eugenio Jiménez were not freed. (They had been captured in Mexico after they attempted to kidnap the Cuban consul in Mérida.)

¶Acknowledged several CORU actions against Cuban diplomatic and trade officials and associates in Colombia and Barbados.

¶Announced that CORU commandos would soon "attack airplanes in flight."

Although the communiqués emphasized that they were being written "some place in South America," the Brigade 2506 has a Miami address. In fact, it occupies a whole floor in a complex of buildings known as Little Havana Community Center, at the corner of 9th Avenue and 1st Street in Miami's southwest.

The persons indicted in the assassination of Luciano Nieves (killed February 21, 1975) are supposedly associated with the "Pragmatists," an extremely violent and dangerous group, described in a Dade County grand jury report as financing themselves "through acts of terrorism such as arson for hire and kidnapping" (*The New York Times*, November 28, 1976). A key figure in the Nieves indictments was William Salon, a Brigade 2506 veteran. Salon, an unindicted co-conspirator and a former member of the Pragmatists, was granted immunity in return for turning state's evidence.

Two of the main suspects (never captured) in Nieves's assassination, Pragmatists Jesús Lazo and Valentín Hernández have been mentioned repeatedly in connection with the January death of former Brigade president Juan José Peruyero (*The Miami Herald*, January 10). The reasons for their possible involvement in the Peruyero death are somewhat obscure. They may be related to Salon's testimony, or to the rumors that the Brigade pulled out of CORU after the Cubana bombing and that there were differences within its leadership concerning further participation in terrorist activities.

During the December 1975 wave of terror in Miami, Rolando Otero was accused of involvement in several bombing attacks, especially those of the FBI offices, two post office buildings and the Social Security offices, plus a bank and a public locker at the Miami International Airport (*The Miami Herald*, May 21, 1976). Otero, a member of Brigade 2506's parachute corps, was convicted in January of only one of these charges, the explosion at the Miami airport. He was also implicated by FBI laboratory reports in the attempted bombing of the Miami University residence of Eliseo Pérez-Stable. Grip marks on the pipe bomb left at the student's home matched those on bombs allegedly thrown by Otero at federal buildings. (*The Miami Herald*, January 19.)

Antonio de la Cova, a former Florida International University student, was convicted of planting the University of Miami bomb, and also of terrorist attacks against a downtown Miami bookstore and the residence of Vicente Dopico who, like Pérez-Stable, had collaborated with *Areito* magazine, an exile publication that has favored coexistence with the Castro regime and a more positive appraisal of its accomplishments. In an interesting coincidence, credit for the attack against the Dopico residence, which took place on April 17, 1976

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(the fifteenth anniversary of the Bay of Pigs invasion), was claimed by the so-called "Sons of Girón Movement." Girón is the name of the Cuban site where Brigade 2506 landed in 1961. And a further connection: De la Cova was convicted thanks to evidence from state witness Miguel A. Peraza, an FBI informer who was paid $3,900 for expenses in the case (*Miami News*, August 8, 1976). Peraza had also been a member of the ubiquitous Brigade 2506.

To follow the individual paths of the Brigade 2506 members and the collective evolution of the organization since its rank and file was ransomed by the U.S. Government in December 1962 would be a fascinating exercise, suggesting links between U.S. intelligence agencies, Cuban community organizations, U.S. political figures and illegal activities.

For example, the highest ranking Cuban American within the Democratic Party, Florida party chairman Alfredo Duran, is a veteran of Brigade 2506. Manolo Rebozo, Miami's city commissioner and one of the Cubans mentioned as a possible high Carter appointee, is another Brigade veteran.

The September 1976 congress of the Brigade in Miami was attended by high U.S. political figures. Present at the closing ceremony were Miami Mayor Maurice Ferré, U.S. Rep. Claude Pepper and Puerto Rican Sen. Jesús Hernández Sánchez, along with Nicaragua's President Anastasio Somoza (*Réplica*, September 29, 1976).

During the last few years, the Brigade has also been strengthening its ties with the Miami power structure. As mentioned above, it managed to secure space in the Little Havana Community Center, a city-sponsored building complex that is supposed to house organizations devoted to community affairs. The Brigade seems to have access to all the offices, controls traffic in the buildings and has a powerful say in what goes on at the Center. And yet its presence in this compound is somewhat anomalous, since it is not exactly a social service or cultural organization.

Furthermore, the Brigade has begun actively to sponsor candidates for community offices in various elections throughout Dade County. Late in 1976, it backed its member, Orlando Urra, for president of the Allapattah Community Board; and this year it promoted the election of Brigade member Nildo Acevedo as president of the Little Havana Community Board (*The Miami Herald*, Spanish edition; January 18).

The Brigade has also managed to gain control of or strongly influence other community organizations in Dade County, and these organizations have in turn supported the activities of the Brigade. Its executive committee has appointed representatives to all major exile community organizations, Masonic organizations, workers' groups, the Latin Chamber of Commerce, the Association of Cuban Professionals in Exile, etc. (*Girón*, August 1976). In the last year, the Brigade managed to gain G.I. Bill benefits for its members.

Thus in the recent past, the Brigade has employed a multiple strategy of terrorism (as represented by its CORU membership), penetration of community organizations and the achievement of strength and respectability through links with highly placed politicians in the region. Individual members since their return to the United States have followed diverse careers that seem related to their social positions and their entrée to prerevolutionary Cuban elites and the U.S. Establishment. Wealthy or well-educated members of the Brigade are found in high political, professional and business circles. Alfredo Durán, who came from a moneyed background, married one of the daughters of former Cuban President Carlos Prío, and attained the top post in the state Democratic Party. Manuel Artime has become a prosperous psychiatrist. The Babun brothers, who owned extensive woodlands in prerevolutionary Cuba, have become shipping magnates, with vessels registered under the flags of various Central American countries.

Other Brigade members like Jorge Mas Canosa, whose pockets were empty just a few years ago, have moved up rapidly in the community's power structure. Mas Canosa is now president of Church and Tower of Florida Inc., a contracting firm that installs conduits and underground cables for the telephone company. It seems to work in close association with other powerful companies in Dade County, such as Maule Industries, Inc., a construction company whose annual gross sales approached $100 million in 1974, just before the Miami housing boom collaps.d. Mayor Maurice Ferré was the president of Maule Industries, Inc.

Other Brigade members, less well born or well connected, have had to fend for themselves, sometimes becoming involved in peculiar associations or delinquent activities. E. Howard Hunt was the CIA officer in charge of the Cubans in Miami during the Bay of Pigs operation. Bernard "Macho" Barker, one of his agents in the Miami community since the 1960 days, was also a Brigade veteran. When Hunt needed to recruit operatives for Watergate, he naturally turned to Barker, who thought he would be "doing the U.S. and Cuba a favor by carrying out orders" (*The Miami Herald*, August 9, 1974).

In 1973, *Newsday*'s investigation of the heroin trail seemed to implicate some Bay of Pigs veterans, who entered the dope trade when the five New York families of the Cosa Nostra dropped it. It was reported at the time that at least 8 percent of the original 1,500-man invasion force had been arrested for illegal, probably drug-related, activities (*Chicago Sunday Sun-Times "Viewpoint"*; April 8, 1973).

Serious responsibility for the persistence of terrorism in Miami falls on the city's communications media, especially on the exile press, which has tended to glorify the terrorists. For example, after the Barbados crash, *Réplica*

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published an interview with Angel Fernández, president of the Association of Exiled Stenographers, in which those killed were described as "Communists," a crude attempt to justify their deaths.

Orlando Bosch, one of those on trial in Caracas for the Cubana crash, has been a fugitive since he violated parole back in 1974. In the years since, he has maintained extensive contacts with the Miami press. Early in 1975 he was interviewed by television correspondent Esteban Lamela at an "undisclosed South American location." The interview was broadcast on Miami's Channel 23. At about the same time, Bosch was interviewed by newspaperman Oscar Iborra, and his "message" was broadcast to the community via Channel 23 and radio station WQBA. In the WQBA interview Bosch threatened to invade Cuban embassies and murder Cuban diplomats. He also promised to hijack planes. Communiqués from other terrorist leaders and organizations are frequently carried in the Miami press.

But not all the blame can be placed on the Cuban Miami press and newspapermen. And if it is true that Cuban community leaders have been reluctant to speak out against terrorism, it is also true that U.S. politicians and public figures have been extremely friendly to convicted terrorists. Claude Kirk, when Governor of Florida, addressed a Latin Chamber of Commerce dinner in the summer of 1970, where he spoke of his attempts to secure the release of Orlando Bosch, sentenced at the time to ten years in Atlanta federal prison for having fired a bazooka at a Polish ship off the Miami coast. The conviction came after Bosch had been arrested many times on charges of gun-running, death threats, bombings, shootings and extortion. This "pillar of the community," today on trial in Venezuela for the Cubana bombing, Kirk described as follows: "When I think of free men seeking a free homeland, I must necessarily think of Dr. Bosch. . . . I am working quietly and effectively for his release and I hope very soon to see results" (*Miami News*, August 31, 1970). Kirk was indeed effective: Bosch was released on November 1, 1972, after approximately four years in prison. He jumped parole in 1974 and appears now to be one of the main tacticians of anti-Cuban terrorism outside the United States.

Kirk is not alone. Miami Mayor Maurice Ferré has a long history of befriending terrorists. He wrote to Judge Siegendorf as a character witness for Humberto López Jr. and Luís Crespo, when they were on trial for the explosion of a bomb that went off *in their hands* in the garage of Alfredo Sayuz (*Miami News*, September 4, 1974). Ferré was also the keynote speaker at the Alpha 66 Congress in July 1976. It is consistent, then, that he regularly blames Castro agents for the terrorism in Miami. He declared that he knew, before the bombings of December 3, 1975, that they were going to take place but, as far as we know, he has never revealed the name of his informant, said to be a "responsible person in the community" (*Miami News*, Spanish Edition, December 11, 1975). Furthermore, according to the same story, Mayor Ferré, having received a confidential tip on an imminent act of terrorism, revealed this information to his police department only *after* the first bomb had exploded. Terror's shield of respectability—that is the still-untold story of Miami and of the anti-Castro movement abroad. □

'ZERO-BASE' BUDGETING

What's Wrong with Sunset Laws

RON RANDALL

A national sunset law may be closer than most of us think. Sen. Edmund Muskie (D., Maine) has reintroduced it. President Carter endorsed it when he was a candidate. In both houses of Congress, fallen liberals hasten to cosponsor it. Conservatives have rallied to an idea that takes all the work out of being a conservative. [For a more favorable "liberal" reaction see "How to Ride Herd on the Budget" by Richard C. Leone, *The Nation*, May 22, 1976.]

On January 10 Senator Muskie introduced the "Sunset Act of 1977" (S. 2)—substantially the same bill he sponsored last year. That bill died in the last session, but not before it went through several days of hearings, picked up considerable bipartisan support in the Senate and House, where a companion bill was sponsored by James J. Blanchard (D., Mich.) and Norman Y. Mineta (D., Calif.) and a bipartisan host of co-sponsors, and generated endorsements from a wide range of individuals and groups. The bill is tailor-made for President Carter. As a Georgia state Senator, he recalls in *Why Not the Best?*, he was "appalled to discover that we spent all of our time assessing proposals to finance new programs only. Once a program had been in operation for a year, there was little likelihood that it would ever be closely examined again. It would just grow inexorably like a fungus. . . ." The National Chamber of Commerce will be eager to help President Carter stamp out federal fungi; it pledged itself last year "to commit substantial effort to passage of [this] sunset bill."

Sunset legislation is yet another of the panaceas that Congressmen espouse as the burden of continuous reelection campaigns outweighs their crucial oversight role on programs previously authorized and funded. Sunset has a beguiling appeal—after a certain period of time, a program automatically terminates unless explicitly re-

Ron Randall is a political scientist at the University of Toledo. In the late 1960s, he served in the Wisconsin budget office, where he became familiar with the staggering workload of program budgeting.

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newed by legislative process. "Outraged by the waste" in many of the social programs he has sponsored or supported during the past decade, Muskie introduced the original bill with the best of intentions, and "not as a suggestion that we abandon our commitment to solving the nation's problems." But conservatives support the bill with precisely that end in view—all of the social welfare legislation passed over heavy and time-consuming opposition would be periodically resubjected to this ordeal.

The current bill requires the termination of budget authority for virtually all government programs every five years. (Exceptions include interest on the national debt, general and federal employee retirement and disability insurance and certain health-care services.) Under the bill, only budget authority terminates; hence, civil rights and antitrust laws, for example, would remain on the books even when the designated enforcement agencies had lost their ability to function.

The heart of the legislation is found in the schedule for terminating budget authority of various programs over a five-year period, beginning on September 30, 1979. All sunset reviews will include "an assessment of the degree to which the original objectives of the program have been achieved." In addition, all reviews that result in recommendations for renewal of budget authority are to include five components which, if carried out, would add up to a very sophisticated evaluation. (In last year's bill, the sunset review was called a "zero-base" review.) Defined as a "systematic evaluation" to determine whether the program should be terminated or continued "at a level less than, equal to, or greater than the existing level," the sunset review would be conducted by the House and Senate standing committees responsible for various government programs.

One cause for worry is the impossibility of the task. Existing institutions cannot perform evaluations of all government programs at this rigorous level. The other worry is that attempting a sunset review would create a severe bias against social welfare programs.

First, the task is nearly impossible. Although no one knows for sure how many federal government programs exist, most counts of domestic programs run well over 1,000. With a five-year review schedule, more than 200 sunset reviews would be conducted annually by the House and Senate committees. William A. Morrill, HEW assistant secretary for planning and evaluation, uses the conservative figure of $1 million as the cost for a zero-base evaluation of each HEW program—or $370 million over five years for standing committees in one house to evaluate all 370 HEW programs; more than double the current HEW funding for evaluations. One hesitates to estimate the staff increases each standing committee would require for this level of evaluation.

The bill does mandate help for the committee from other government units. The Comptroller General would automatically furnish the appropriate committees with results of prior audits and reviews of the various programs coming up for consideration. More onerously, each standing committee may request "information, analyses and reports" for the reviews from the General Accounting Office (GAO), the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) and the Congressional Research Service. Finally, the bill instructs all agencies—whether or not involved in a program under sunset review—to provide the standing committee with such "information and assistance as the committee may request."

The Office of Management and Budget alone is spared under the amended bill. Perhaps that is because former OMB Director James T. Lynn told the Muskie subcommittee that the staggering workload required of OMB in the original version of the bill "would—necessarily—give way to 'pro forma' examination." CBO Director Alice Rivlin cautioned that "the zero-base budgeting idea is useful if it is not taken too literally." However, the amended version of the bill does take the idea literally—and throws much of the burden in her lap. Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats has a long list of reservations about specific provisions in the original bill and general reservations about undertaking the zero-base or sunset review process "across the board without some prior experience." The testimony last year to the subcommittee involved a parade of experts politely stating that such reviews of all government programs are impossible.

The committee amending the bill paid slight attention to such testimony. The sunset review schedule was stretched from four to five years. The committee decided that the original bill's reviews by OMB were duplicative, and eliminated them. Other amendments grant standing committees more discretion to define what comprises sunset reviews if this serves the committees' purpose, and reduces the number of steps in the review process.

Where would this leave the standing committees if they were compelled to carry out a sunset review every five years of the programs under their jurisdiction? For some, it would mean a resort to loopholes. One loophole allows that the sunset "review shall be undertaken in the scope and the detail the committee having jurisdiction deems appropriate." Thus the standing committee will have final say about the nature of sunset reviews. The sophistication of the review, the diligence with which it is conducted and the extent to which it is truly zero-base will depend on the committee's enthusiasm for the program and its relationship to the agency running the program. It is unlikely, for instance, that Senator Muskie will persuade the other members of the Senate's Public Works Committee to conduct thorough reviews of its pork-barrel programs.

Coordinated analysis of related programs is crucial to meaningful zero-base or sunset reviews. The bill attempts to address this issue by ordering the Comptroller General to classify "each program in only one functional and only one subfunctional category" to facilitate comparison with related federal efforts. Although an awesome task for the GAO, that skirts the critical issue of a decentralized and irrational system of committee jurisdictions, where a Food Stamp program is assigned to the Agriculture Committee and public assistance goes to a House Ways and Means Committee and a Senate Finance Committee. Comprehensive review of related programs can never be accomplished as long as related programs go

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to different committees which all jealously guard their turf. The answer is a major overhaul of the committee system. The recent reorganization of the Senate, a watered-down version of the recommendations of the study panel headed by Sen. Adlai Stevenson (D., Ill.), which reduced the number of committees from thirty-one to twenty-five, is only a first step toward the major overhaul required for the coordinated analysis in the sunset bill. Senator Muskie understands the importance of committee reform. He has said:

> I think the committee jurisdiction problem is a very serious one. . . . As far as I am concerned I would be willing to throw all my committee assignments into the pot . . . and come up with a rational way of reorganizing our responsibilities so that we can do it more efficiently, and clearly.

No one is following Muskie's lead and he continues as chairman of the Senate Budget Committee.

The second major concern about sunset legislation is that the attempt to conduct zero-base reviews for all programs will produce results severely biased against social welfare.

The report accompanying last year's bill asserts that "one of the major strengths in [the bill], as amended, lies in the absolute neutrality of the proposed process." But as Senator Muskie and the subcommittee staff know, governmental arrangements and procedures are rarely neutral. Under the present legislative structure, any form of sunset law will, at the expense of social welfare programs, help defense programs and all manner of bricks and mortar, construction and other pork-barrel programs that require capital outlays. Past experience with the process of evaluation supports this assertion. That experience is twofold—a long history of evaluation for programs involving defense and public works (weapons systems, dams, highways, etc.) and a short history for social welfare programs.

For decades, evaluations of expected costs and benefits have been used to justify construction of dams and highways, dredging harbors, etc. When committee members are disposed to authorize a construction project, they find an analyst who will show that the benefits exceed the costs—not a difficult task—since every cost-benefit analysis is full of assumptions, the slight manipulation of which can greatly alter the ratio of costs to benefits.

Mr. Carter, when Governor of Georgia, discovered how easily a cost-benefit analysis could be manipulated in the hands of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He describes in *Why Not the Best?* the analysis produced by the Corps for a dam proposed on the Flint River 50 miles southeast of Atlanta: "Exaggerated claims for benefits were combined with shrunken costs estimated to justify the project." Congressmen, confronted with experts disputing the assumptions of an analysis, know their constituents will be deaf to that battle, but grateful for the jobs, increased recreation, elimination of floods, or whatever else the project is said to provide.

Social welfare does not provide the specifics of cost vs. benefit that enable defense and public works programs to retain their momentum. The experience of the past decade is that evaluation of social welfare programs is incredibly difficult. Objectives are stated imprecisely, often they cannot be quantified. Because many of them have multiple objectives, it is impossible to do a complete evaluation. And since objectives frequently overlap, the effects of one program cannot be isolated from all the others. Even John Gardner, testifying for last year's sunset bill, admitted that the technique of evaluation is in an early stage. Curiously, for a man who was in the thick of social welfare programs while HEW Secretary, this becomes an opportunity to learn rather than a pitfall for his former programs: ". . . our learning curve is going to be steep in the early years of this program. We are going to know much more about evaluation and review after the first year than we did when we started." However, there may not be as many social welfare programs to practice on in the second round. Sadly, program opponents have seized upon expensive but incomplete social welfare evaluations to prove that the Great Society/social welfare programs of the past decade have not worked.

As if evaluation bias against social welfare programs were not enough cause for concern about a sunset law, other provisions compound the advantages for capital outlay projects. Drafters of last year's version of the bill recognize that "a program authorizing the construction of a dam or missile system clearly cannot be evaluated in the same way as a program intended to alleviate poverty or restore urban neighborhoods," and by so doing they unwittingly make evaluation of many construction projects moot. The bill exempts from sunset reviews many government construction programs authorized in the year before the scheduled review; thus it promises to produce a quinquennial pork-barrel feast that will make the annual Congressional scramble for appropriations pale by comparison. To be sure, it would make no sense to cut off money from a government program in mid-construction, but a bill geared toward "absolute neutrality" should make a similar concession for social welfare programs. It does not.

Another possible source of bias is the filibuster, which in the past has been used much more frequently to stop progressive social welfare/civil rights legislation than to trim defense or public works programs. Senator Muskie is obviously worried about the potentially damaging consequence of the filibuster. His most recent version of sunset includes what he calls a "one-year grace period for programs which terminate unintentionally, rather than by design," because of a Senate filibuster or scheduling problems in the Senate or the House. In the long run, however, the filibuster or threat of one will take its toll. Every five years (prolonged into the sixth with an extension resolution), sunset will exact exorbitant political payoffs to anti-social welfare Senators in order to renew America's already inadequate commitment to social welfare.

Political power is a closely related question. Constituencies favoring construction projects are powerful, and Congress will likely bend before that power during the sunset review. Constituencies for social welfare are generally weak, and at present, when the public is looking

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for ways to ease high taxes, programs designed to attack societal problems are less popular than ever. In this climate, the sunset review will hit the social welfare programs particularly hard, freeing funds for the waiting hands of various construction lobbies, or promising tax relief to the biggest constituency of all.

Senator Muskie frets about "regular public opinion polls telling us that the American people have lost faith in their government" and uses the tired litany about failed social welfare programs to justify a sunset law:

> We have spent billions on health care, and enacted hundreds of health-oriented programs, yet we still have not cracked the fundamental problem—providing high-quality care at a price people can afford.
>
> We have spent billions on education, only to find that our high school graduates are not learning even the basic reading and writing skills.
>
> And we have spent billions on the problems of our cities, yet the root cause of those problems . . . still remains.

Instead of offering the easy answer of zero-base reviews, which will inaugurate an unworkable process and result in serious distortion of current national government priorities, Congress would much better serve the country by facing the real issues—cumbersome committee organization, unhealthy relationships among certain committees, agencies and clientele, and negligent Congressional oversight of executive branch programs. Last year's bill had a sunset provision of its own, which terminated the zero-base procedure unless renewed at the end of 1982. Like its predecessor, the Planning Programming Budgeting System, sunset almost certainly would have been allowed to die in 1982. Curiously, that provision is not in this year's version. But a great waste of money and energy and a great distortion of priorities can be avoided by not allowing the sun ever to rise on the 1977 sunset bill. □

STATE DEPARTMENT 'CLIENTISM'

SIRACUSA, OUR MAN IN URUGUAY

MAX HOLLAND and KAI BIRD

President Carter's repeated assurance that a concern for human rights will color his relationships with other countries must, if that concern is to bear fruit, be reflected in the embassies the United States maintains abroad. As evidence that this is an urgent matter, the authors of the following piece review the career of Ernest Siracusa, a career foreign service officer, who is now our Ambassador to Uruguay.

Washington, D.C.

Since ambassadors serve at the pleasure of the President, it is customary, each time a new administration takes office, for all the heads of missions to send in form letters of resignation. That makes it easier for a new President to put his imprint on the foreign service. Ambassadorships are useful for paying political debts, but not all posts are suitable for that purpose; the Soviet Union, for example, is still regarded as no place for a political crony to practice diplomacy, and Afghanistan is simply not thought an ample reward for political favors.

Thus, the majority of ambassadorships remain in the hands of career foreign service officers. Even a career officer who has compiled a controversial record during his ambassadorial tours of duty is in little danger of being retired; the more likely recourse is quietly to transfer him. Such a transfer need not be regarded as a rebuff, because ambassadors rarely serve more than four years in a given country.

A case in point is the American Ambassador to Uruguay, Ernest Siracusa. A career officer for thirty years, Siracusa has been posted to Mexico, Honduras, Guatemala, Peru, Argentina and Italy. In 1969 he was appointed Ambassador to Bolivia, and after four years was transferred to Uruguay.

Siracusa is a classic example of that State Department malady known as "clientism," in which the career officer forgets which country he actually represents. He has served conspicuously as an "apologist" for the present regime in Uruguay. He caters to the sensitivities of Uruguayan officialdom at the expense of human rights. And he is still entrusted with carrying out American foreign policy there—even though that policy is officially changed.

Uruguay, once an island of tolerance and democracy in South America, has gradually become a complete military dictatorship. The situation began to deteriorate well before Siracusa arrived in December 1973, but it has become much worse during his tenure. The parliament remains closed; the constitution ignored. Newspapers and other media are censored, and a once-powerful trade union movement has been destroyed. All political activity is banned. The definition of "subversive" in Uruguay has been expanded to include any person who holds, or is alleged to hold, democratic or leftist opinions. Hundreds of these so-called "subversives" are imprisoned and subjected to psychological and physical torture. Almost 300,000 Uruguayans have voted with their feet against the dictatorship by emigrating during the past three years.

The first public indication of Siracusa's attitude toward human rights came on April 21, 1976 in *The Washington Post*. The story said that on February 13, the Ambassador had written a confidential complaint to the State Department about a radio program broadcast by the Voice of

Max Holland, formerly a reporter for the Lincoln *(Neb.)* Star, *is now working in Washington for the Center for International Policy. Kai Bird is a free-lance writer and frequent contributor to* The Nation.

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America. One day earlier, VOA had carried a story out of Geneva about charges of human rights violations in Uruguay that had been made by the International Commission of Jurists (ICJ), an impartial group of about forty respected jurists who promote the rule of law and investigate the status of human rights in countries throughout the world.

The two-minute VOA broadcast was a summary of an ICJ report which found that massive arrests of political suspects had occurred; that many of these suspects had been tortured, some until they died; and that both press and church were censored.

Siracusa's letter, quoted by the *Post,* said the VOA story contained "exaggerations and distortions" of the Uruguayan situation, which "can only be injurious to our friends, to our relations and to our efforts to develop useful influence on the very situation commented upon." Specifically, the Ambassador complained that the word "massive"—used both in the ICJ report and the VOA story—"grossly exaggerated the situation." To say that few of those arrested survived was not true and "can only be considered" by the Uruguayan Government as a "calumny and a provocation." And the question of press freedom was "a relative one," Siracusa said, while the alleged church censorship was "a minor problem . . . worked out between the government and the [church] hierarchy."

At three places in his letter, Siracusa supported VOA's policy of broadcasting such news, but he said the story should have been handled with more discretion so as not to endanger his attempts to improve the human rights situation "to the extent that there are violations."

The director of the U.S. Information Agency—former Nixon speechwriter James Keogh—defended the accuracy of the VOA story in a reply to Siracusa's complaint. But Keogh did concede that the phrasing "showed insufficient appreciation for the sensitivities involved," and he assured Siracusa that future reports would be "subject to closer review and cross-checking prior to use."

This complaint marks the emergence of Siracusa as a public relations agent for a brutal regime. In the future he would excuse the Uruguayan Government's heavy-handedness by repeating the government's own alibi: "the continued threat of subversion" justifies the suppression.

Just one week after Siracusa chastised VOA for its story, Amnesty International embarked on an unprecedented campaign to draw international attention to torture and other violations of human rights in Uruguay. It was the first Amnesty campaign ever directed against a single government. The agency released the names of twenty-two persons who allegedly had died at the hands of torturers, and circulated a petition calling for an international investigation into the repression. Uruguay, Amnesty said, had the highest number of political prisoners per capita in the world—nearly 5,000 in a population of 2.7 million.

This campaign produced another campaign, this one inside the U.S. Congress. In the spring of 1976, Rep. Edward Koch (D., N.Y.) introduced an amendment to

Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

the foreign aid appropriations bill to cut off all military aid (worth $3 million) to Uruguay. Koch chose Uruguay, from among all the repressive regimes given aid by the United States, for two reasons: it was as repressive as Chile (whose aid had been cut off earlier), and it was of no real strategic importance to the United States. "Uruguay was a natural to illustrate, to make the point with other Latin American countries, that we were no longer going to sit back and support repression," Koch said later.

One month after Koch started his campaign, Rep. Andrew Maguire (D., N.J.) received a letter from Don Guerriero, the political/labor attaché at the U. S. Embassy in Montevideo. Guerriero is also one of the embassy officers who report on human rights to Siracusa. The attaché told his home-town Congressman that "much of what Congressman Koch said is untrue and the AI report is demonstrably false." As an example, Guerriero cited Koch's reference to thousands of political prisoners. "There may be a few political prisoners around here," Guerriero wrote, "but most people in jail here are in for crimes like murder, rape, bank robbery, kidnapping and the like." (But the State Department publicly recognizes there are at least 2,000 political prisoners in Uruguay.) Along with his letter, Guerriero included an article from a journal called *The Review of the River Plate,* explaining that it said what he wanted to say only "much better." The article called Amnesty International a "Communist front organization."

As Koch said when he later inserted Guerriero's letter into the *Congressional Record*:

> Certainly the man is entitled to have and speak his opinions. . . . On the other hand, his line of argument is so close to that of the Uruguayan Government and

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is in such contradiction to the accepted facts that one must wonder how valid his judgments, as reflected in this letter are in his regular reports to the State Department.

The human rights reports sent to Washington by Siracusa and his staff were of the utmost help to Koch's campaign, for they led the State Department to defend the indefensible—the military regime in Montevideo. That effort turned into a fiasco last summer, when the International Organizations Subcommittee of the House International Relations Committee held two days of hearings on the status of human rights in Uruguay. The subcommittee chairman, Rep. Donald Fraser (D., Minn.), is the acknowledged Congressional expert on human rights. His subcommittee has held seventy-six separate hearings on a variety of countries during the past four years.

In contrast to the testimony offered by Amnesty International representatives and a Uruguayan Senator now in political exile, the State Department testimony seemed ludicrous. Fraser questioned Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Hewson Ryan about torture in Uruguay. Ryan replied that there had been "occasional" cases, but that steps had been taken to prevent it. "Do you believe it?" asked Fraser. "It is what the [Uruguayan] Government tells us," said Ryan. "We have no reason to doubt them at this moment. I cannot prove that they have not taken the steps." Ryan found his position so untenable that at one point he claimed U.S. military aid to Uruguay "is seen as a treaty-like obligation." No such treaty or treaty-like obligation exists, as Fraser was quick to point out.

Koch said of the hearings:

> I cannot determine where the fault lies: whether the U.S. Embassy in Uruguay is not providing all the facts to the State Department or whether the State Department is intentionally excluding information which is not supportive of its position. . . . I must say that the State Department is proficient at stopping just short of lying in its statements.

But if Koch did not know then how much fault lay with Siracusa's embassy, he soon found out. After the Koch amendment became law in September, Siracusa paid a visit to Koch in New York. Koch recalls: "When he came to my office, he took the position that much of what was said against Uruguay was false. He said that it was overstated. He didn't have evidence to prove that, but was basing it simply on his own observations."

More startling than Siracusa's defense of the Uruguayan regime was that he regarded the aid cutoff as a personal rebuke. Koch said: "He was very upset. He was personally embarrassed that this had occurred. It made him look bad. . . . He had become so identified with Uruguay that it was a personal affront to him. That's the way he viewed it."

When Siracusa returned to Uruguay, the local press was eager to find out about his meeting with Koch and Amnesty International officials. Would aid be resumed? Rather than represent the suspension of aid as U.S. Government policy, Siracusa took pains to remind the regime publicly that he had opposed the Koch amendment. He allied himself with the Uruguayan Government against the U.S. Congress. If there was at least a slim possibility that Koch's legislation might have induced the Uruguayan military to mend its ways, Siracusa's remarks only encouraged it to persevere in them.

On October 19, *El Día* (Montevideo) quoted Siracusa as saying: "The U.S. Embassy in Montevideo and the State Department did not support the cutoff of military aid to Uruguay. However, I still believe something can be arranged, but I will not venture an opinion on how long it will take. From here, I will do everything possible to resolve this problem."

The Ambassador's remarks caused him some anguish once they had filtered back to the United States. The Council on Hemispheric Affairs, which monitors U.S.-Latin American relations, issued a press release that characterized Siracusa as a "major apologist for one of the most dreary and brutalizing states in the region," and asked the incoming Carter administration to remove him.

In a series of cables to Washington, Siracusa said his remarks had been "embroidered or distorted" by Uruguayan reporters not present at the news conference. He said the subject of military aid was not even mentioned during the interview, and he implored the State Department to exonerate him by releasing the "true facts." But the department refused. Charles W. Robinson, the Deputy Secretary of State at that time, reportedly told Siracusa that an official response would only earn the accusations a prominence they had failed to get in the American press. All that Siracusa could do was attempt to rebut the charges to his superiors. In a final cable on the subject he wrote:

> As any review of this embassy's reporting would show, the embassy has done everything possible to give the department a fair, factual and unbiased picture of the human rights situation in Uruguay. While we have not agreed with many of the accusations made against Uruguay, especially regarding torture of prisoners and the number of prisoners, we had nonetheless frankly reported those practices which we considered inconsistent with accepted standards for humane treatment of prisoners. . . . We might add that, at the Ambassador's direction, the embassy has adopted a policy of the strictest possible compliance with both the letter and spirit of the Koch amendment.

Siracusa's unqualified defense of the embassy might lead one to wonder whether his position was misinterpreted or obscured by State Department bureaucracy. But a cable he sent on October 26, 1976 indicates that nothing of the sort occurred. In that message he hailed Uruguay's new "Law on the State of Dangerousness" as demonstrating the military government's "growing consciousness with respect to human rights" and providing "greater due process of law for those only tending toward subversion, thus easing application of the stringent emergency security measures."

According to Amnesty International, however, the law places a façade of legality on the indefinite detention of thousands of citizens. It rescinds certain legal rights and

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incorporates practices of martial law into the civilian legal system. Special civilian courts will be empowered to punish those "in or outside the country" who may subvert the efforts of the government to restore "national values." The new law penalizes those with an "inclination to commit crimes"; an individual who has committed no crime may be imprisoned for up to six years at hard labor.

The right of a convicted political prisoner to exile—previously a constitutional right—is revoked under the new law. Judges now have the power to refuse any request for exile. Political dissidents may have to live in a particular town, report regularly to the authorities and submit to official surveillance of their homes. Ambassador Siracusa did not mention these facts in his cable.

Siracusa's clientism and attitude toward human rights are all too common among American envoys. It poses a problem for a new President whose spoken commitment to human rights far exceeds campaign rhetoric. Because Siracusa is a visible symbol of a discredited policy, it will be relatively easy to pick up his resignation, especially since his tour of duty is nearly complete. The problem may only be where to post him next. Carter's difficult problem is how to find ambassadors who believe that an active concern for human rights is part of their job. □

THE FIFTEEN-YEAR WAR

ETHIOPIA, ERITREA & U.S. POLICY

DAN CONNELL

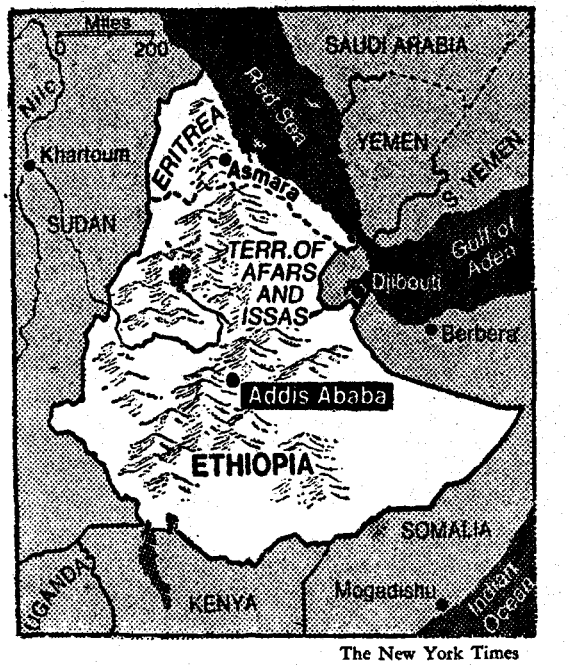
In Ethiopia, a military junta known as the Dergue (Amharic for "committee"), composed of nationalists and self-proclaimed Socialists and heavily dependent on American military and economic assistance, is increasingly threatened by civilian protest in the towns, armed revolt in the countryside, and a bitter fifteen-year-old war for independence in the ex-Italian colony of Eritrea.

At the same time debate is underway within the new administration in Washington over whether or not to maintain the high levels of aid to the ailing Ethiopian military regime in the face of a chronic instability and mounting evidence of widespread political repression that call into question the Dergue's ability to govern. This debate threatens to go public soon with the release of at least three major reports of massive human rights violations in America's longest standing client-state in Africa.

The first report will come from the State Department itself, in accordance with a new law that requires such reports to accompany any requests for Security Assistance (a euphemism for arms). Sources who have seen the embassy's December report, on which State is basing its evaluation, say that the situation is acknowledged to be appalling. In spite of this, the study recommends that, because of overriding interests in the region, we should maintain a "wait-and-see" approach with continued aid.

The other two reports—one prepared by a delegation of Senators who recently visited Ethiopia and one produced by an independent human rights organization—will probably dispute these conclusions, since they reportedly document consistent patterns of flagrant denials of human and civil rights which journalists have been describing sporadically over the past two years.

A bizarre series of alleged coups, counter-coups and assassinations has recently called international attention to this situation. The shoot-out in early February among top leaders exemplifies their ruthless desperation. Knowledgeable observers have long speculated that Lieut. Col. Mengistu Haile Meriam was striving to be the most powerful member of the Dergue, but there have been repeated efforts by contending forces to divert some of his power to themselves. A recent attempt to set constitutional limits on the various elements of the ruling group resulted in such a curb on him. Within weeks, an attempted "coup" was discovered and leaders of Left and Right factions, including Gen. Tefari Bante, nominal chairman of the Dergue, were killed. Mengistu—described as a strong nationalist who arrived at his "Socialist" politics opportunely after assuming power—survived the takeover.



The New York Times

Elsewhere in the fragile empire, however, the challengers are less easily disposed of. The Ethiopian Democratic Union, a rightist army of old landlords and generals from Haile Selassie's imperial court, is challenging the Dergue in the northwest. The Tigrai People's Liberation

Dan Connell is a free-lance journalist who last year contributed a series of articles on the situation in Eritrea to The Washington Post. *He is completing a book on the sources of the conflict between Ethiopia and Eritrea.*

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Front, a tightly disciplined guerrilla army patterned after the Eritrean People's Liberation Forces (EPLF) in the north, is escalating its activities in the northeast. Somali-backed guerrillas periodically harass Ethiopian forces in the southeast. An Oromo Liberation Front has begun an armed uprising in the southeast. The Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party, advocating a program of civilian rule, has developed a broad constituency in towns and cities in nearly all the provinces. And the allied forces of the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF) and the EPLF have very nearly won a military victory in Eritrea by gaining control of all but perhaps a dozen government bases in the larger cities and towns.

The response of the Dergue has been to unleash a fog of revolutionary rhetoric that has thoroughly obscured the political landscape, and at the same time to use the massive military assistance provided by the Nixon/Ford administration to stonewall its opposition. Unable to implement its programs in the rural areas, where 95 percent of the people live a precarious feudal existence, the regime has turned increasingly to policies of terrorism and coercion to hang onto its power.

Nowhere is this more clearly and brutally illustrated than in Eritrea, where a two-year military campaign by the Dergue has united virtually the entire population behind the two guerrilla armies of the EPLF and ELF. And nowhere is the American role in propping up the Dergue more evident. Last spring I rode into Eritrea with government forces bringing relief supplies to the besieged capital of Asmara. These monthly convoys are protected by sizable Ethiopian military units against ambush by the Eritreans. We were preceded by American-supplied armored personnel carriers, covered from the air by F-86 and F-5 fighter bombers, and surrounded on all sides by Ethiopian soldiers who rode in surplus World War II American vehicles and carried M-1 and M-14 rifles. The final ironic detail was provided by the canteens and web belts where "U.S." was inscribed in 4-inch letters for all to see.

It did not surprise me that Eritreans in the countryside described these troops as American surrogates whose main mission was to protect the National Security base at Kagnew Station in Asmara. While only thirty-five American personnel remain to oversee the operations of this "communications monitoring base," it once housed more than 3,000 who were assigned to listen in on telecommunications as far away as West Africa, the Middle East and southern Africa. This, our last military base on continental Africa, remains for the Eritreans a powerful symbol of what they are really up against in their bitter struggle for national independence.

Eritrea's strategic location along the southwestern coast of the Red Sea has made it the target for a succession of outside interests. Inheritors of a colonial past that reaches back to the middle of the 16th century, when they were conquered by the Ottoman Turks, the Eritreans were under the domination of Italy in this century until, after Mussolini's defeat, a U.N.-sponsored federation with the Ethiopian Empire was initiated in 1952. Ten years later, its "autonomy" dissolved along with its Parliament and constitution, Eritrea was forcibly annexed by the Ethiopian Emperor and a war for national independence began.

The sequence that followed is a familiar one. Strategic interests, which included the Kagnew Station in the heart of Eritrea and control of the Red Sea, led the United States to send several hundred American advisers from the Military Advisory and Assistance Group (MAAG) to train the Ethiopian army and air force in counter-insurgency techniques. Paralleling the situation in Vietnam, "strategic hamlets" were created with wholesale economic and social disruption in the countryside of Eritrea. Planes furnished by us rained terror onto the civilian population, in order to punish those who might have supported a resistance movement that grew stronger daily in reaction to the coercive and brutal policies of the Ethiopian Government.

The absence of American troops from the front lines and a virtual news blackout by the Ethiopian Government have combined to keep most Americans ignorant of the situation in Eritrea and of our country's deep involvement there. The one notable exception came during the "February War" of 1975 when the Dergue, in one of its first major acts after overthrowing the Emperor, attempted an all-out offensive to crush the independence movement.

Whole villages were leveled as Ethiopian forces took revenge on those suspected of aiding the guerrillas. A corridor 11 miles wide was cleared around the capital city of Asmara and thousands of peasants were forced to flee their homes, evading marauding units of the Ethiopian army and hiding from the ever-present F-5 and F-86 fighter bombers which cruised the skies. Nearly 50,000 made their way into crowded, unsanitary camps in neighboring Sudan, while many thousands more remained in improvised shelters or with relatives in other villages.

Several members of the Western press managed to enter Eritrea at this time. One of these, Dial Torgerson of the *Los Angeles Times,* reported on February 14, 1975, that "Government troops have killed hundreds of civilians in an orgy of bloodletting and looting." Among the examples he cited was a massacre of 100 peasants in the village of Woki Deba after they had been rounded up by soldiers and herded into the church where they were assured they would be safe. As the priest begged for mercy, the troops opened fire.

Over the next few months, the occupying Ethiopian army was severely defeated and forced into fortified enclaves in the major population centers, where they remain today. In retaliation for losing control of the rural areas, however, they cut off all humanitarian relief and have barred potential donor nations and organizations from investigating on the scene charges of indiscriminate bombing of civilians, wholesale destruction of crops, well and spring poisoning, and the seizure of donated grain and medicines. Nor are agencies or nations that operate in Ethiopia permitted to assist the civilian population of Eritrea.

Such tactics convinced Commander Assefa Seifu, head of the Ethiopian Red Cross Society, to flee in December 1975 to England, where he charged that relief money

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was being appropriated for military uses while the Eritrean people's needs grew ever more serious. A *Times* of London article on December 21 quotes him as saying, "The money is spent on military supplies and arms which are then used to kill the very people for whom the aid was intended."

With the banning of foreign journalists from Eritrea and the restrictions placed on the few reporters permitted to remain in the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, public documentation of conditions is sketchy. Reports on Eritrea, however, have been chillingly consistent over the past two years, the accounts telling of civilian massacres, martial law, executions without trial, widespread political arrest and torture of suspected dissidents, and random atrocities apparently designed to instill fear in the general populace.

During a seven-month tour that took me to all sides of the conflict I saw dozens of examples for myself. In the government-held city of Asmara I spoke with residents and foreigners (including American officials) who told me of two years of unrelenting terror under the martial law of the Ethiopian army, and I witnessed the execution of more than forty civilians in reprisal for the shooting of one Ethiopian officer. In Asmara and in Sudan I spoke with Eritreans and Ethiopians who had been arrested and tortured for suspected sympathy with the Independence movement. In Addis Ababa, a young Eritrean was beaten and arrested as I watched, simply for speaking to me in public. And, finally, in the Eritrean countryside I saw the burned-out remains of villages, the bullet-riddled hulks of clinics and schools and the wounds and scars of the survivors, all of whom asked —"Why? Why does America wage war on us? Why do the American people support the war?"

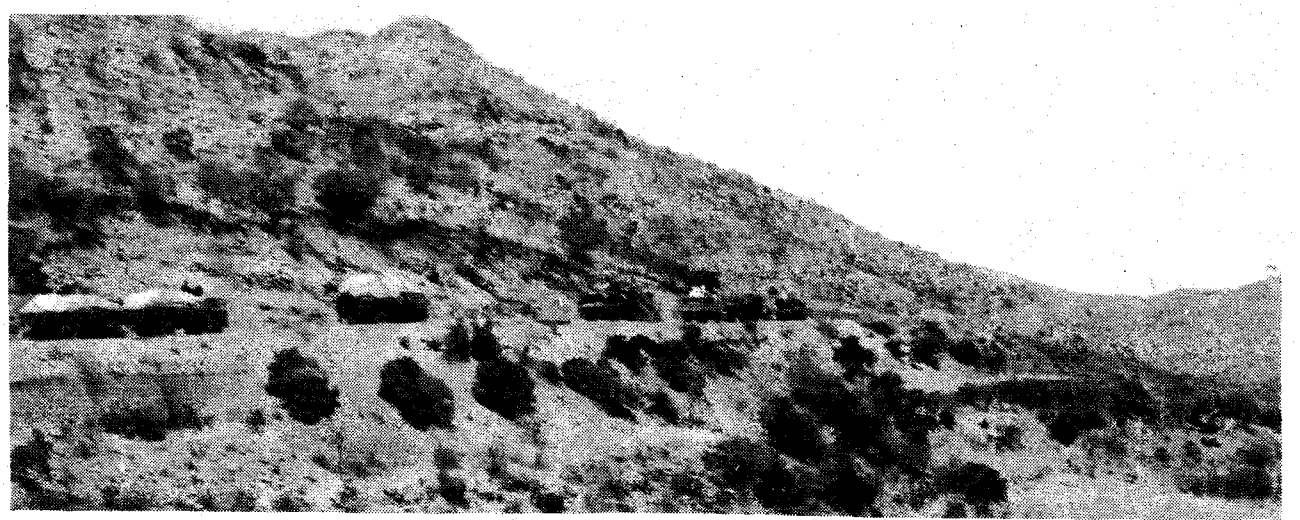
American involvement in Ethiopia goes back to the end of World War II when the defeat of Italy left a power vacuum in the region. With Britain and France retaining title to most of the rest of Africa, Ethiopia offered us a kind of wedge into the continent. On the heels of a decade of British occupation in Eritrea, we engineered a U.N.-sponsored federation between Eritrea and Ethiopia, followed closely in 1953 by a bilateral agreement with Emperor Haile Selassie whereby we undertook to "guarantee the territorial integrity of Ethiopia"—i.e., to maintain Ethiopian claims on Eritrea—in exchange for a twenty-five-year lease on the base in Asmara and use of the port facilities of Massawa. Since the signing of that agreement we have poured more than $600 million in aid—half of which has been military—into Ethiopia as payment for the base.

Figures for fiscal 1976 show aid to Ethiopia under the Military Assistance Program (MAP) to be $22.9 million out of a total package for all of Africa of $46 million. What is more significant, though, is that the Dergue, using foreign reserves from the takeover of the Emperor's fortune and from the sale of coffee grown on the newly nationalized plantations, has begun to purchase substantial arms for cash. In 1976 they paid $125 million for hardware that included sixteen new F-5Es for use in the war on Eritrea.

State Department spokesmen say privately that Kagnew Station is on the way out. A "gap-stopper" communications satellite is already in place, although there is some lag in the installation of ship-borne transmitters and no official target date has been set for closing the base. The agreement runs out in 1978, however, so some decision must be reached by next fall.

What is perhaps more noteworthy is the substantial presence of the Soviets in neighboring Somalia, a legacy of the Kissinger era. Somalia and Ethiopia have a long history of antagonism based principally on Somali irredentist claims to the Ogaden region of southeastern Ethiopia which the Emperor Menelik conquered at the turn of the century. With the steady growth of the Ethiopian military, the Somalis, after a snub from the United States, turned in the late 1960s to the USSR for economic and military aid. Today this very aid has evolved into the primary American argument for continued assistance to Ethiopia.

Fears of a confrontation between Somalia and Ethiopia over the imminent independence of the French Territory of Afars and Issas, and Israeli fears of Arab influence in



Bruce Parkhurst

Convoy on Road to Asmara: 400 Trucks, Accompanied by 600 to 700 Ethiopian Troops, Took Three Days to Travel About 110 Miles.

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Eritrea were also cited by the last administration as justifications for maintaining support for the Dergue, regardless of its internal political difficulties.

It is here that the Carter administration must meet head-on the challenge of living up to its campaign promises. The situation which the Carter people inherit is one in which geopolitical considerations of Soviet/American parity have consistently overridden local factors. America's relations with other peoples of the Third World have largely been determined on a global checkerboard of Soviet and American squares seen so abstractly as to blend one into another. Will this change radically under Carter? Will we now evaluate each situation according to criteria that include respect for a basic level of human rights?

Ultimately, of course, the question is political, not simply moral. The Kissinger strategy was one of short-term goals based upon the ability of American and third-party efforts to inhibit change, to reify a particular circumstance and then to hold on as long as possible in the knowledge that we could not ultimately win. Carter's somewhat evangelical vision, on the other hand, suggests the possibility of final American victory if only we behave ourselves and encourage the forces of good over evil. In the Carter scheme of things internal conditions become the starting point for determining policy, even if it must still be evaluated within the context of geopolitics.

A major realignment of forces may therefore be getting underway in Ethiopia. With Sudan nuzzling up to the United States behind Egypt and with Saudi Arabia willing—according to Ambassador Akins's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last summer—to open up channels of aid to Somalia and thereby reduce its dependence on the Soviet Union, the Dergue's instability takes on a different light.

They are losers; no amount of aid or advice at this stage will alter that simple fact. Although they once coincided with a national rising against the corrupt feudal regime of Haile Selassie, they no longer command a popular following. Growing more desperate and more erratic with each day, they will fall in the end, though to whom it is not yet so easy to say. The question, then, is whether we reduce our support and thereby hasten the process, hoping to pave the way for friendly relations with the government or governments which follow, or we hang on to the last moment with Kissinger-like attempts to manipulate the situation in our favor.

A pullback would be accompanied by a shift of attention toward the Sudan, a move already underway at the end of 1976 with the reopening of economic aid and the sale of military transport planes after a five-year hiatus in our relations with the Nimeiri government. And more attention would probably be paid to the autocratic Kenyatta regime in Kenya, and our Diego Garcia base in the Indian Ocean would continue to grow. By thus surrounding Eritrea, Ethiopia and Somalia, any risks we run by releasing our shaky grip on the Dergue would fade in importance and allow for maneuvering through the Saudis, while we credited ourselves publicly with being motivated by moral considerations.

Before us lie two clear options if we choose to back off: the dismantling of the base in Eritrea and the suspension of military assistance and cash sales to the Dergue. What might follow is considerably less obvious. What kinds of guarantees can we give or solicit from others to protect Ethiopia from Somali attack? What of our sizable economic assistance? And what of the more than 100,000 Eritrean refugees in Sudan, homeless there as the direct result of our arms assistance to the Ethiopian army and air force?

These and many other questions regarding our responsibility for the consequences of the Kissinger policy in Ethiopia and Eritrea will have to be raised on the way to an overall re-evalution of policy, but the clock is running out on the Dergue and there is little time left for American initiatives of any sort. Today, the lesson of the American defeat in Indochina lies heavily over the Horn of Africa. National liberation forces there too are inflicting a decisive military defeat on unpopular forces backed by the United States since 1953. With the writing so clearly on the wall, a strategic withdrawal to a broad encirclement of the area appears to be the only viable option left. Pragmatists that they are, Carter's strategists cannot have failed to perceive this between the lines of the spate of reports of human rights violations in Eritrea and Ethiopia. □

LETTERS *(Continud from page 322)*

Judge?" (Feb. 12), concerning the "right" of Americans to protest human rights violations in Vietnam. Week after week your magazine cries out against the indecencies of political regimes in Chile, south Korea, Iran, et al. Indeed, an editorial in the very same issue as the above explains to the reader why elections in El Salvador should be of consequence to those receptive to Carter's call for "a new morality." . . . Yet you dare to question the propriety of concerned Americans to send a politely worded letter inquiring gently into reports of human cruelties committed in Vietnam. There is excellent reason to believe that tens of thousands of harmless people are subjects in forced labor (or "education") camps, denied adequate food, shelter and care. Of course there are problems involved in the reconstruction of Vietnamese society following the war, but your editorial seems to suggest that there are no limits in what are permissible means for attaining proper ends. . . .

By placing limits on your "Right to Judge" and comment upon fundamental indecencies committed in certain Left totalitarian regimes, you relinquish one of your most precious responsibilities as an independent journal. . . .

Andrew Ross

inference denied

Philadelphia, Pa.

Please note a dissent from one point in Stephen Gillers's article "The Dilemma of Making Amends" [*The Nation*, Dec. 25, 1976]. He noted that I had "suggested possible collusion" between the parties in the case *Bakke* v. *Regents of the University of California*. No doubt Mr. Gillers was referring to a presentation I made to the Society of Law Teachers on Saturday, December 4, 1976.

At that time I gave a factual account of the way the university had conducted the litigation. While these facts have on many an occasion given rise to inferences of collusion or incompetence, I have never publicly chosen between the two. *Ralph R. Smith, Assistant Professor of Law University of Pennsylvania*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Heredity and Ideology

PHILIP GREEN

Recently a seemingly modest book of popular science by the medical correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (London) has received a good deal of attention in Great Britain, but little discussion in the United States, where it has also been published. That is a pity, for the book, *Who Do You Think You Are?*,* is an extremely valuable addition to the controversial and politically significant literature of human genetics; more precisely, to the discussion of the doctrine that we can call, for want of a better word, "hereditarianism." In addition to being a journalist, the author, Oliver Gillies, has a doctorate in genetics and has published several scholarly papers as well as an earlier popularization, *The Living Cell.* Serious readers may be put off by the title of his new book, and especially by its subtitle (*Man or Superman—The Genetic Controversy*), but they should not be. For although like all such books and articles it suffers from the defect of being at times both too technical for the layman and not technical enough for the expert, it contains, *inter alia*, a beautifully handled and important contribution to the sociology of science. To appreciate his contribution, some background is necessary.

In his classic work *Ideology and Utopia* Karl Mannheim described the ideological and utopian modes of thought as being each more or less deliberate distortions of the existing state of social reality. Utopianism distorts (or ignores) the present in order to be able to imagine a desired future; ideology, in its conscious form, works to disguise "the real nature of a situation, the true recognition of which would not be in accord with our interests."

That the "scientific" study of social reality which Mannheim argued for as an alternative is really obtainable is a much-argued proposition. It is unquestionable, however, that as in anything else there are degrees to the corruption of analysis by either wish-fulfillment or self-interestedness. Whether we speak of "utopia" or "ideology," what is most damaging in social thought is not the (perhaps inevitable) failure to analyze one's own presuppositions as dispassionately as one views those of others but rather the willingness to engage, without apparent shame, in the obvious distortion of data or logic solely in order to defend a prior belief.

Attempts by "orthodox" Marxists to rescue Marx's assertion that the existence of an "objective" historical mission for the proletariat makes his version of revolutionary socialism uniquely "scientific," give a notorious example of this kind of reasoning from the "utopian" side. Though the European proletariat has signally failed to carry out that mission, orthodoxy remains undisturbed: the proletariat has been betrayed by its leaders, or "temporarily" bought off by the fruits of imperialism or the spurious passions of nationalism; the "crisis" hasn't been severe enough yet but it will be some day, just wait; the situation is different under "monopoly capitalism": the Third World is *the* proletariat, etc. One excuse follows another, one distortion of what Marx actually claimed about the proletariat is added to another, until the original theory can no longer bear the weight of the elaborations. It finally becomes evident that although Marx's conceptual scheme for understanding capitalist political economy is still the best we have, and his approach to the desire for social change is beyond any doubt the correct one—we must locate the source of our desires for the future in some existing social circumstances that can reasonably be expected to lead to their fulfillment—his own concrete vision of revolutionary socialism was hardly more "scientific" or less "utopian" than any other radicalism.

That particular defect of Marxism has of course always been perfectly apparent to right-thinking Americans. But contrarily, and with much less public exposure, many important American (or "Western") social scientists are themselves *ideologists* in Mannheim's sense. Therefore it has often, unfortunately, gone unnoticed for quite long periods of time how very much particular versions of what is supposed to be "social science" are themselves little more than trumped-up defenses of the status quo and the rewards it bestows on those academics who study it in the name of "science" (or on its critics, for that matter; it's hard to develop proletarian rage on an academic salary). In this realm too the distortions eventually get caught up with, but the refutations never make the same nationwide headlines as the original pronouncements.

The latest field to go through this development is that of educational psychology, and the pattern is familiar. To nationwide attention Arthur Jensen (and in England his counterpart Hans Eysenck) announced that variations in intelligence were mostly due to our genes, that this was as true for groups as for individuals, and that as a "not unreasonable hypothesis," the observable gap in average I.Q.s between whites and blacks in America was due to heredity and so was insuperable; Jensen's epigone Richard Herrnstein diverted his attention from pigeons to humans for long enough to announce that because of the hereditary component in "intelligence" social classes must always be with us, and well-meaning attempts to rectify the situation can only make matters worse.

But one would never know from those same news media that enshrined "Jensenism" how thoroughly he and his followers have been discredited. Their overt distortions of data and their theoretical incompetence have by now been fully established. (The documentation is much too lengthy to list here, but the curious reader will find a fairly extensive bibliography of it, as well as my own lengthy analysis, in my articles in the Spring, Summer and Fall issues of *Dissent* for 1976; special mention must also be made of Leon Kamin's book, *The Science and Politics of IQ.*) It is fair to say that as of now we can assert the following propositions with confidence:

(*1*) The statistical evidence for "heritability" of a trait such as "intelligence" in individuals has no fundamental social implications, since such traits are culturally malleable regardless of the original causes of variations in their occurrence.

(*2*) The statistical "evidence" for the heritability of intelligence among individuals is equivocal at best, and the

**Who Do You Think You Are?* By Oliver Gillies. Saturday Review Press. 255 pp. $8.95.

Philip Green's articles on the I.Q. controversy appeared in Dissent. *He is professor of politics at Smith College.*

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most famous study (of separated twins by Cyril Burt) purporting to establish it has been shown (by Jensen himself among others!) to be fraudulent.

(3) There is no evidence for the heritability of intelligence between or among unrelated *groups*, which is in any event a nontestable and thus unscientific concept, since each group of twins, etc., has a unique relation to its overall environment and thus cannot be a "sample" of any other group. "Heritability" is not a measure of genetic "innateness," but only a measure of the relationship between genetic and environmental influences in a given instance. Obviously, where the latter is low among a group of people the former will be high, but the reverse is equally true. Nothing in genetic theory tells us to expect a constant strong genetic influence on human behavioral traits. The evidence for the contrary proposition is much stronger.

(4) There is no data *of any kind* suggesting that American blacks are genetically less intelligent in any way than American whites. The racial I.Q. gap is easily accounted for by obvious environmental factors, whereas no genetic "explanation" that has been offered can make sense of it.

(5) Study after study, in the United States and especially in Israel as well, shows the effects, malign and benign, of environment upon measured intelligence; it is now established beyond question that carefully developed *long-range* programs of intervention can raise the performance of poorly functioning children greatly and permanently.

In the face of all this the hereditarians have followed a predictable course, piling distortion upon distortion into a mountain of pseudoscientific trash. Jensen's book *Educability and Group Differences* is an endless quarry not only of factual misstatements but also of such theoretical nonsense as the notion that only black people of low intelligence were caught in the slave trade, or the genetically hilarious idea that it's good to be the child of parents who were living geographically close together before their marriage. He also indulges heavily in another form of ideologizing that consists in refusing to make or notice obvious comparisons which would spoil his theory: such as the statistical similarity of social conditions in Glasgow and Naples, where there are only "superior" whites, to conditions in New York or Detroit. Similarly Herrnstein, defending the notion that class rather than race is the key to group I.Q. differences, manages to discover scientific value in a handful of impressionistic surveys of occupational *prestige* that supposedly correlate with I.Q. (skill in ferreting out irrelevant information being another aspect of pseudoscientific thinking), while ignoring the much more relevant evidence which shows that I.Q. has little or no influence on occupational *performance*.

Gillies's discussion of this much-argued topic is for the most part unoriginal, though excellent in its pithy demonstration of the Jensenists' shabby scientific performance. But what he has added, and what is of great importance, is a further demonstration, past any doubt, of just how deeply hereditarianism generally, not merely on the question of I.Q., is an ideology in Mannheim's sense: a collection of distortions which "range all the way from conscious lies to half-conscious and unwitting disguises; from calculated attempts to dupe others to self-deception."

An apparently trivial example from his book will serve to illustrate the quotation from Mannheim, and the way in which an ideologue tortures data and reasoning to maintain his position even on what seems to be a minor point. In 1965 Eysenck argued that lung cancer is caused by heredity rather than by smoking. Both the facts and the logic of the situation completely contradict this statement (except to the uncertain extent that one can be predisposed to lung cancer—*but only if one smokes*). Then in 1971, in his book *Race, Intelligence, and Education*, Eysenck conceded "that he was wrong about the inheritance of lung cancer, which was . . . the mainstay of his theory." But not to worry: if one assertion falls flat we just make another, all the time pretending that our original theory is still viable rather than openly destroyed. In almost the same breath, therefore, Eysenck turned his interest elsewhere, and suggested that smokers have an hereditary predisposition to *heart disease*. As before, he proceeded to quote a series of studies which have been "criticized by experts in the field" (Eysenck is not one), "do not show a consistent trend," "fail to provide convincing evidence for the hereditary theory of heart disease," etc. But it is clear that when the facts finally catch up with him Eysenck will merely find some other dead horse to flog to life: he is already on early record (1951) as claiming that *neurosis* has a biological base! He will have his genetics of *mens sana in corpore sano* no matter what.

The great merit of Gillies's book is the thoroughness with which, as both a knowledgeable expert and an expert journalist, he has searched out this and so many similar instances. The story he tells turns out to be a never ending and depressing tale of unabashed intellectual betrayal by the hereditarians wherever they turn their attention, starting with the "founding father," the racist, eugenicist, and elitist Francis Galton. From Galton to the present day the picture is always the same: a scientist (most often not working in the area in which he has done his serious work), convinced that the white race is in danger of cultural pollution from external or internal causes, finds that the source of the danger—feeblemindedness, subnormal intelligence, crime, homosexuality, mental illness, alcoholism, drug addiction—lies in the faulty genes of *some class of people other than that to which the scientist himself belongs*. A pseudo-experiment or observation (usually involving a small number of pairs of twins) is arranged to prove the charge and "save" the culture. Every canon of scientific procedure is flouted in these experiments or observations: random samples are not sought, poor or no controls are imposed, the obvious presence of intervening variables that might suggest a different causal relationship is carefully ignored (or, as in Jensen's work on "intelligence," carefully misreported); farfetched mechanisms of inheritance ("incompletely penetrant" genes, outré theories of the "survival of the fittest" such as those mentioned earlier) are suggested by way of explanation. Rather than behaving like real scientists and testing their own pseudo-hypotheses, the hereditarians set out zealously to undermine all alternative (and usually much simpler and more obvious) possibilities, by whatever

SIGNIFICANCES

After brief heavy
rain at two o'clock,
he listened at
the wood's edge
and could tell by
the clusters and sheets of drops
that some drops, summarizing
the leaves they'd
fallen from,
were larger than
others or had
fallen farther,
and when the wind waved
wide like a conductor,
a rustle of events,
cool, keyless, spilled:
he listened,
his body sweetened level to
the variable nothingness.

A.R. Ammons

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means necessary. And when the contrary facts roll in (as they have done almost without exception), suggesting overwhelming support for an environmental or interactive explanation of the cultural phenomenon, the hereditarians simply move on to some new field in which they can play the squalid game all over again. Even when they are forced to admit, as Jensen has done, that the results of a crucial experiment have been deliberately falsified—and since the publication of his book Gillies and other investigators have uncovered even further evidence of fraud on Burt's part—they press on, calling for "further research," asserting that there is "other evidence." Never does it occur to them that the proper course of action is not to do "further research" on a suspect hypothesis that depends on cooked data, but to dig into the so-called "other evidence" to see whether it is equally contaminated: to doubt themselves rather than the "enemies" who have so embarrassingly exposed them. Hardly ever do they comment at all on follow-up studies that call their work into question. (The notorious and worthless "studies" of the Jukes and the Kallikaks are still referred to by the hereditarians, Gillies points out.) In the end, the response by one hereditarian (as quoted by Leon Kamin) to the exposure of Burt speaks for all: "I could not care less. I do not need any statistical evidence to recognize the validity of inheritance."

We're especially indebted to Gillies for presenting to popular view the ways in which two recent contributions of the hereditarians—the alleged proof of the "genetic" causation of schizophrenia and the predisposition to crime of men with an extra Y chromosome—have followed this same pseudoscientific pattern of faulty observation and reasoning, followed by the discovery that alternative explanations are more consistent with carefully observed facts—and the failure by any hereditarians to apologize openly and publicly for misleading the public. In this connection perhaps the most telling observation he makes is that the two nations in which the diagnosis of "schizophrenia" occurs with great disproportion are the United States . . . and the Soviet Union.

What is particularly interesting about Gillies's research is the discovery we come to that the ideology of the hereditarians is not merely inegalitarianism or elitism or racism, but something more all-encompassing and more subtly revealing. Though none of them except perhaps Eysenck buys the entire contents of hereditarian ideology, hereditarians as a group are apparently deeply disturbed by any deviation from the "norm" of a clean-living white man of conventional habits who belongs to "the better sort." They live by a kind of crude genetic Calvinism in which "normal" behavior and social "success" reinforce the conviction of election by birth, and they do not need "statistical evidence" to know that the lesser breeds, conversely, have been damned.

These ideologues, in short, are like religious fanatics. And like all fanatics, they redouble their effort as their goal recedes, ignoring palpable obstacles in their way, twisting all uncomfortable facts to assist their own purposes, shutting out the contrary world in which every day new data are turned up that convincingly refute their obsessional belief.

It is tempting to suggest that all research on the heredity/environment controversy is a total and pernicious waste of time, since by now it is completely clear that *where human culture intervenes* the role of genes alone must be very limited. Unfortunately the hereditarians have created a thriving industry (this article, like Gillies's book, being one of its products) that cannot really be shut down. It is necessary to continue the work of reinvestigating their pseudoscientific claims, in the hope that some day the complex but generally encouraging truth about the possibilities of human self-improvement through concerted social action will catch up to the original distortions and misstatements of the hereditarians.

Meanwhile, there is another contribution that social scientists might make in this area. Another thriving industry has grown up around the apparent need of some to investigate the psyches of their opponents on the radical Left, and to "prove" that opposition to established authority, political anger, and disrespect for elders must somehow have a peculiar psychic base. Perhaps it would be more fitting for those social scientists to turn from the protection of their own professional status to the protection of their disciplines from such charlatans as the hucksters of eugenics and heredity. Surely there is room for analysis of the kind of obsessional behavior we have described, with its fear of deviance, inflation of the worth of one's own kind, and capacity for self-delusion; and surely it is relevant for social scientists to try to understand the motives (or could it be *the genes*?) of those who betray their own calling so incessantly on behalf of established order. Knowledge too begins at home; if we must study anyone's latent motives, whose more appropriately than those of our colleagues who propagate this most ignoble version of *le trahison des clercs*? □

Conservatism and Its Discontents

THE SUPERFLUOUS MEN: Conservative Critics of American Culture, 1900-1945. *Edited by Robert M. Crunden. University of Texas Press. 289 pp. $14.95.*

JOHN MADISON TAYLOR

We could do with what Confucius called a "rectification of names." As a certified sage, he understood the importance of labels, deplored the chicanery that gains scope when labels are misused, and insisted on their correct application. Last September *Commentary* invited sixty-four of our wisest citizens to catalogue the current meanings of "liberal" and "conservative." Their efforts to sort out the denotations and various connotations now attached to these two labels do not appear to have dispelled our confusion, though enlightenment may yet descend. In the meantime we are assured by most of the contributors to the survey that liberal and conservative have become indispensable to political discourse, despite their regrettable imprecision.

This conclusion, which seems reasonable, implies a need for caution. For it is clear that both labels have already proven troublesome enough in the realm of politics, where they now belong, without finding extra employment for them elsewhere. Nowadays either label brings to mind a variety of political attitudes. In labeling someone a conservative, our usual intention is to assert something about his politics, and we think the assertion worth making in the first place because public policy and political choice are known to be among his chief concerns. If he took no particular interest in politics, it would seem both pointless and misleading to assign him a political label. We would not tag him Democrat, Republican, or anything else if he never votes and pays no attention to politics. Of course labeling

John Taylor is a free-lance writer living in New York.

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is good clean academic fun—when the chosen labels are sanctioned by usage. But to make them fit by adopting arbitrary definitions adds little to our understanding, of either the label or the labelee.

The *Superfluous Men* is addressed to students of American culture in the hope that some will feel moved to correct an oversight. Professor Crunden, the editor, explains in his introduction that the current revival of interest in conservative thought has so far neglected the thinkers who flourished from 1900 to 1945, that this period forms a natural unit, and that this collection is "a conscious effort to reshape the field and to establish a more accurate geography of the contribution of conservatism to America in the recent past." Some of the writers included in this source book bear familiar names—Walter Lippmann, George Santayana, John Crowe Ransom, Irving Babbitt, H.L. Mencken and Allen Tate. The others—Albert Jay Nock, Donald Davidson, Frank Owsley, Ralph Adams Cram and Paul Elmer More—are nearly forgotten.

These critics of American culture were a diverse lot. They numbered one philosopher, one pundit, one architect, one ex-Episcopalian clergyman, two poets, two journalists and three academics. Despite their evident differences, they shared, according to Professor Crunden, a common outlook, which he labels conservative. But to make the label stick, that is, to make it intelligible, he has to monkey with conventional definitions. Thus it turns out that these writers were *cultural* conservatives, and are not to be confused with political or military conservatives. Perhaps conservatism is infinitely divisible. Why not dietary conservatism, which might be a dependence on hamburgers; or culinary conservatism —that's rejection of Julia; sexual conservatism sounds much more respectable than mere virginity; taxpayer conservatism must be the understating of income and automotive conservatism is a chauffered limousine. But what of the cultural variety?

Cultural conservatives "valued religion, the classics, church architecture, useless knowledge, beauty and the land. . . ." Paradoxically, they were also capable of innovating in "radical and productive ways." If the inclination to experiment seems an improbable quality to find in a conservative, the explanation is that "conservative beliefs neither support nor oppose innovation in many areas of life and art. Conservatism is instead more of an assumption about which areas of life are genuinely rewarding for the intelligent person to concentrate upon than it is a stance in support of the status quo. . . . Conservatives generally have an acute sense of what makes life worth living, and they do not associate it with political activity."

Indeed Professor Crunden's critics, except for Lippmann, were fastidiously apolitical and did "not really understand political activity." So why cause unnecessary confusion by labeling them conservative when conservative, like it or not, has become a political label? Granted that in the days when the country was safely isolated and in no need of a large military establishment, conservatives—whether cultural, political, sexual or automotive—could affect a passive posture in relation to government and do no more than naysay the liberals. But how many practicing conservatives today feel they can vote against our multibillion-dollar armaments? How many do? And how can they vote such enormous appropriations without becoming party to all the economic, social, and political changes that ensue? However well conservatives may once have managed without the encumbrance of political ideas, they need them now as much as the rest of us, even if philosophically they continue to set greater store by religion, family, literature or region. In view of the thinking that conservatives will have to do as they address themselves to public policy, and the changes their consequent choices will make in the meaning of their label, it seems unhelpful to apply it anachronistically to a group of writers who happened to have lived at a time when they could afford to ignore politics.

As for the critics themselves, their comments on American culture are worth reading for historical reasons, as Professor Crunden avers, though whether they can still be read for their own sake is probably a matter of taste. Sound classicists all, or nearly all, they wrote very well indeed, even when form and topic were extracurricular, as they were for Ransom and Tate, who took time off from poetry to write polemics in support

WINTER IN MID-COUNTRY

Tonight I am erased,
lost here in all this land.
I see the streaks of light

dying over the dark plains,
feel this abrupt hunger for color
and somehow understand

how the soul decides suddenly
to leave and wander the frozen streets
stretching so pale and blue.

Landlocked here
in the dead center of the continent,
winter hangs on too long.

until the towns seem to give up
and die down into their own shabby clothes.
This whole country lies bare

and gray as metal
while the brown fields
stir slightly in the constant breeze,

the shaggy grass
like the loose hide
of some barely breathing mammal.

Even now I hear the wind
wheezing over a hundred miles of snow
across the gentle swell

of plains to the west.
A perfect moon keeps watch
and the long night settles in.

Andrew Grossbardt

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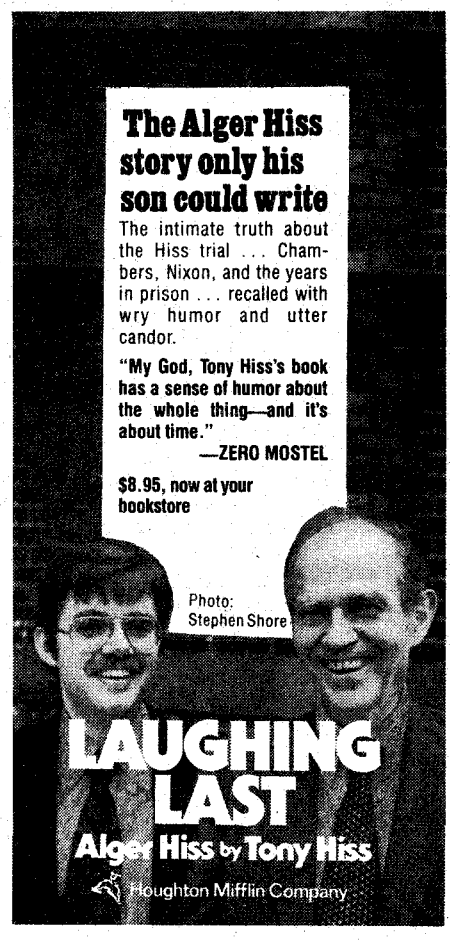
of Southern agrarianism. Perhaps environmentalists would feel heartened by some of those broadsides, though they could hardly take them for a guide. As late as 1929 Ransom was capable of writing: "Industrialism is a program under which men, using the latest scientific paraphernalia, sacrifice comfort, leisure, and the enjoyment of life to win Pyrrhic victories from nature on points of no strategic importance." Eloquent as the Agrarians were in articulating their vision of a predominantly agricultural South, their criticism of urban industrial America was in fact, if not by intention, apolitical, rather like the plea thirty years later for unilateral disarmament. That is, their position was absolute and therefore without political prospects. It combined a nominally conservative desire to preserve the South from industrialization with a radical program for state intervention in agriculture. If that's conservatism, then what is schizophrenia?

Of the critics here assembled, only Lippmann took a sustained interest in public policy. Forty years ago he called himself a liberal, for in those days it was liberal to defend the free market. Times have changed, and now that some liberals voice reservations about the free market, Professor Crunden, again anachronistically, claims Lippmann for conservatism. It seems an idle game.

Neither conservatism nor nostalgia marked Professor Crunden's critics so much as divine discontent. Except for Lippmann, they simply loathed modern life and just about everything it includes. For the most part, they managed to keep their shirts on in public, but in their letters some of them gave vent to a scorn and indignation that must have required a lot of energy to contain. Though Santayana's life at Harvard might seem at this distance to have been not the hardest of lots, even at age 48 he could say of it: ". . . when I am here in the midst of the dull round, a sort of instinct of courtesy makes me take it for granted, and I become almost unconscious of how I hate it all: otherwise I couldn't have stood it for *forty years*!" Ten years later, having escaped to Europe, he refers to "this taste of mine for living in the midst of a noisy, vulgar rush of people, most of them ugly, with whom I have nothing to do. . . ." Nock wanted the school population cut by 90 percent on the ground that no more than a tenth of American youth had the capacity for the only kind of education he could possibly approve. Davidson explained that what animated him and his fellow Southerners was "our feeling of intense disgust with the spiritual disorder of modern life—its destruction of human integrity and its lack of purpose. . . ."

If these writers have to be labeled, better to call them Miniver Cheevys, though except for Mencken they appear to have lacked his good sense—Miniver at least took comfort in drink. □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On Writing Well

ROY S. WOLPER

To the University of Saskatchewan and then to Temple University I carried the yellow papers with their slanting lines and unsteady lettering. They were Percival Hunt's letters to me—about stories and essays I had written, about his writing, about discipline, about the glowering bird who sat in the corner of his study, refusing flight. I felt the letters were too well written to be tossed aside or kept to myself, but I never knew what should be done with them. Sometimes when one of my better students missed the mark, I would show him one or two of the yellow letters. Good prose is knowable and does sing back.

In 1965 *The Gift of the Unicorn* (University of Pittsburgh Press) appeared, a thin brown book of 120 pages that has the character of his letters. It is, as the title page says, "Essays on Writing." There are sixteen of them, and they offer "no formula," no "hard rules," no "certified wings" but "only personal certainty and wondering and speculation about writing," always tempered by the humble recognition of "our own poor skill." They face such topics as "Reality" and "Spontaneity" and "Suggestion," and they tell us of the little books Hunt loved, "those paper boats that rocked for a moment on the great river which is Time" as well as of great books, "the companions of years." Hunt finished the book a year or so before he died, but it is the voice of his entire teaching life.

The *Gift* never caught any wind. It was not reviewed—as far as I can find—in any journal (except *Choice*). Nor did it sell. I picked up my second copy from one of the clearinghouse brochures

Roy Wolper teaches literature at Temple University and is co-editor of The Scriblerian.

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Ideally you would not be bothered by flies
but could sit in one spot,
handspun yarns at hand, at ease,
with this order allowing the random
development of (let's say)
organic constructions.
I sat however under our only tree
where fallen apples hummed
with crusty insects wandering into sweetness,
unpremeditated, pure.
I waved away what I could, and worked
the shed of the warp like a maw—it opened,
closed those days with the grim intent
of shark. The work was a meal
you may hang like a skin.

Janet Kauffman

that proclaim every book exciting.

Even after only a few sentences of the *Gift*, you know that the unicorn had come to Hunt. The legend, which Hunt drew on for his title, says "that the unicorn rarely and unexpectedly visited the Emperor of China, as sovereign to sovereign, bringing to the Emperor for a gift the fulfillment of his heart's desire. So—but not often—one may be given power to say, exactly right, something worth saying." The ability of language to do that is the center of the book. After reading *An Essay on Criticism*, Addison wrote of Pope, "our English Author has . . . exemplified several of his Precepts in the very Precepts themselves." Hunt's prose, like Pope's verse, is a demonstration of what Hunt calls, "the lift of wings." Distinguishing between the general and the specific, Hunt writes, "A general description (its aim, abstraction) tells, say, that by April the water of the brook is likely to be clear and cool in the shadow of the bank, and that the riffles on the sandbar at midstream usually catch sunlight. The specific has someone put his hand down into the water and watch, a little, the dazzle of light on the moving water." Hunt never turns away from nuanced discrimination. Evenhanded in seeing both general and specific, Hunt nevertheless admits moments later, "The best of the general could not give what was in Hamlet's first meeting with the ghost."

The papers of my students are full of jargon, clichés, clutter; too many sentences are muddied and unpointing markers. I often lend a student Hunt's *Gift* and say, "Look at a few pages. Compare his language to yours." One does not have to read the entire *Gift*, nor even to start at the beginning. Despite the apparent tidiness of the Table of Contents, (Part I starts with "Beginning" and the final Part stops with "Ending"), it is not closely ordered. As in Pepys's *Diary* or the *Spectator* papers or Hazlitt's essays, you can dip in anywhere. But always threads, like the importance of discipline and form, find their way in half a dozen essays, and one comes across a passage like, "It [writing] is itself; a total; complete. . . . Our judgment, as we write, lives *in* it. Judgment is part of the writing. It lives in the act. It directs, but it is not consciously heard. It pervades and forms. In all that is written, it is 'closer than hands and feet'; which—I suppose—meant to the poet who wrote the line that this way of expression was lost in what he had to say, as we forget our hands in our use of them, our long discipline in its result."

No one, as Hunt warns us, can lay open the "mystery of writing." But examples perhaps can illustrate the never-failing leaps of his language: "We cannot be sure that anyone else gets more than our words and facts—the husks"; a writer "does not confederate with any central authority"; pointing to the limitations of a reader, Hunt writes, "A hand stretched out touches only what it can reach." In marking essays of my students, I had always crossed out "quite" for being, as I would note in the margin, "ineff. intensifier." I had thought that it was so until I read, "Freshness passes from some words; they droop and die and are quite lost." Some pages later: "Yet not all of it [the first written page], not quite every word of it, is wrong." "Quite" had a nuanced rightness. Without it, the sentences would be thinner, poorer. Johnson wrote that in Dryden's prefaces, "every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its perfect place." With Hunt, too, we never feel the tug of the laborious oar.

For Hunt the past was not remote and distant; its events—its people and literature—crowded in on him: Browne's notion that we see by an invisible sun within us; Michelangelo's description of life, "a walking from dark to dark"; phrases like "vain bibble-babble." My favorite is the notation of the 15th-century scribe who ended his manuscript: "Three fingers hold the pen but the whole body toils." Even this is sharply qualified by Hunt: "a truth, though more is needed to say the whole truth." Life and fiction bend together. Good writers "are not bound like D. H. Lawrence by one obsession, or held to the earth like Gulliver by any rigid ropes." Hunt's openness allows Constable and Newton and Keats and St. Paul to shoulder one another. A headmaster's praise of his teacher, "The janitor will empty his wastebasket with alacrity," sits underneath Dunbar's *"Timor Mortis conturbat me,"* and above these two are Thomas Nashe and Browne and Shakespeare.

Hunt's *Gift* is necessary because dull writing is the leavening of our most respected journals, our most widely known literary scholars. The Congreves and Swifts and Voltaires and Heines should impel graceful prose; ungainly and tired writing makes one doubt the writer's ability to feel and live through each line. The *Gift* is not an ideal model. Like Johnson's elbowing judgments, criticism is offered quickly. Hunt can be bruisingly obvious, such as in the parenthesis of "Pope's heroic (and poetic) couplets," and undisarmingly defensive ("I do want to add, though, that I have read some books published since 1860").

Yet such missteps do not upend the important matters Hunt speaks of—the complexity of art being local and general, the paradoxical nature of discipline and freedom, the fusion of the artist to his or her art—and Hunt convinces us, the way any writer does, by the winds of his prose. Each sentence bears, to quote Hunt again (as one who writes of the *Gift* is forced to do), "the fingertips of its maker." If he could not say as much about the mystery of writing as we would like—and who can?—his essay is never flat or tired or uncaring or insensitive. So it is with the *Gift*. Hunt approached the monsters and fought sensitively as well as skillfully and we who know the book and he, its maker, are the victors. □

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Wording the Daily Nightmare

THE FOURTH DIMENSION: Selected Poetry of Yannis Ritsos. *Translated from the Greek by Rae Dalven. David R. Godine. 157 pp. $12.50. Paper $5.95.*

SAMUEL HAZO

As a result of the work of such translators as Rex Warner, Kimon Friar, Edmund Keeley, Philip Sherrard, George Savidis, Konstantinos Lardas, Ruth Whitman, Rae Dalven and others, the English-speaking world has come to realize that modern Greece has produced poets of international significance: Cavafy, Seferis, Elytis, Gatsos, Sikelianos, Antoniou and Ritsos. Being Greek, they write, as George Seferis once mentioned with some sadness to me, only for their own countrymen and a few others who are fluent enough in Greek to understand them. But their translators have now created an international audience for them, and it is through such translations that this golden age of Greek poetry is reaching the readership that it deserves.

Like Seferis, Yannis Ritsos has been fortunate in finding a translator who, with his collaboration, has provided the most generous selection of his work to date. Already known for her original and revised translations of Cavafy, Rae Dalven has chosen the best of Ritsos's work from 1938 to the present for a handsomely produced edition from Godine entitled *The Fourth Dimension.* The selections are drawn from *Poiemata I, II, III* and *IV,* published by Kedros of Athens, plus four long poems, only one of which is drawn from the Kedros editions. The result is the most complete gathering of Ritsos's work yet published in English, eclipsing in scope the anthologized selections of Ritsos in Kimon Friar's admirable *Modern Greek Poets,* the Penguin translation of *Selected Poems* by Nikos Stangos (not for sale in the United States) and the Grossman edition, *Gestures,* also beautifully translated by Stangos and published in 1971.

Although Ritsos shares with a poet like Francis Ponge a concern with the universal in the minuscule and with Kazantzakis and Rilke a sure sense of the cosmos, his poems have about them the coherence of dreams. As in dreams, his images swim and evolve into their own order, and his capacity to word the "daily nightmare" is as present in his early work as in his most recent. Here is a poem called "We Wait" from the 1940s: "Night falls slowly in the neighborhood. We can't fall asleep. / We're waiting for the dawn. We're waiting / for the sun to strike like a hammer the tin sheets of the sheds, / and to strike our foreheads, our hearts, / to become a sound, the sound to be heard —another sound, / because the silence is riddled with shots fired from unknown points." Here is a poem from the 1970s called "Whiteness": "He placed his hand on the page / to avoid seeing the bare white / and he saw his hand bare. Then / he shut both his eyes, and heard / the dark, indescribable whiteness / stifling increasingly within him." Although this fusion of the minute with the cosmic is present in almost all of Ritsos's shorter poems, I find its best realization in his poems of the 1950s. Later, the poems become almost surrealistic. In the '50s, as in "Association," the marriage of theme and craft is as perfect as the logic of dreams can make it:

He said: "The anchor"—but not with
the meaning of holding fast,
or in connection with the deep—nothing like that;
he moved an anchor into his room, he hung it
like a chandelier from the ceiling. Now, stretched out, at night,
he looked at his anchor in the center of the ceiling, knowing
that the chain continued above the roof, straight up,
holding over his head, high up, on the serene surface,
a large, dark, imposing boat with its lights out.
On the deck of the boat, a poor musician
took his violin out of its case and started to play;
while he, with an attentive smile, listened
to that melody filtered by the water and the moon.

As a dramatic poet, Ritsos's lyrical talents are subsumed into what Eliot interestingly called the third voice of poetry—the one that speaks not from *I* to *you* but for *them.* This is the voice of the four monologues in *The Fourth Dimension.* Perhaps the most moving of these monologues is "Ismene." Ritsos expands on the Sophoclean story by portraying Ismene as a figure whose only reward in life is living on. Besides the fulfillment of Antigone's brief life, Ismene comments on her own longevity until we see that her only prize is the loneliness of mere survival. Even her final quest for love is made too late and with too much prudence. The only victor is the ticking clock, the symbol of death in the poem.

For a man whose political sensitivities and convictions are as pronounced and significant as Ritsos's have been and still are, the political dimension figures into only one of the longer poems in this book, "The Blackened Pot." Written in the late '40s when Ritsos was imprisoned and tortured after the National Liberation Front was defeated by a collusion of royalists and British interests, Ritsos spoke of his solidarity with the defeated: "You should not say that I did anything outstanding. / It's just that I passed by and leaned on the same wall on which you leaned, my comrades, / just that I read in the transit stations the names of our heroes and our martyrs, / just that I wore the same handcuff you wore, / just that I was in pain with you and I dreamed with you, / just that I found you and you found me, comrade." Although this is only one of the themes of resistance with which Ritsos is popularly and deservedly identified (the junta incarcerated him in the late '50s because, like their fascistic predecessors, they did not like his brand of patriotism), Ritsos is not a propagandistic poet of the Left. Nor is he a versifying ideologue. When wedded with the music of Mikis Theodorakis, Ritsos's words have the force of anthems, expressing the deepest aspirations of the Greek people. This is especially evident in his most popular poem, "Romiosini," which is referred to and quoted from but not included in this book. It should have been included since its conclusion is one of the most memorable crescendos in all modern Greek poetry: "The hour has come, every hour is our hour. Be prepared. / This earth is theirs and ours / no one can take it from us." This kind of poetry (most poets in England and the United States are simply incapable of it) is the poetry of the blood in the spiritual and not the genetic sense. You can find it in the poetry of Alberti, Pasternak and Paz. Ritsos is correct in calling it more than "virtuosity and inventiveness," and the work of legions of poets in America and elsewhere who have reduced poetry to prosody or the mere penning of erudite valentines to one another seems not only anemic in comparison but, quite frankly, insignificant.

If good poetry is derivative of how well a poem works in itself and if great poetry depends on what universalities are at work in the poem, Ritsos's poems

Samuel Hazo, director of the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh, is the author of Quartered *and* The Very Fall of the Sun.

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qualify on both counts. It is not surprising that he has been twice nominated for the Nobel Prize nor that he has been regarded as a major poet of this century by Neruda, Aragon, Sartre and Ehrenburg. Ritsos needs no further apologists on this score.

All he needs is to have his poems more widely known, particularly in the United States, and Rae Dalven's translations have now made that possible. The poems will do the rest. □

Song of the Sun

THE GATES. *By Muriel Rukeyser. McGraw-Hill. 115 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

WAITING FOR THE KING OF SPAIN. *By Diane Wakoski. Black Sparrow Press. 157 pp. $10. Paper $4.*

LINDA WAGNER

At first reading, the differences between these two collections are more apparent than the similarities: Rukeyser's *The Gates* is her thirteenth collection of poems, coming forty-one years after she won the Yale Younger Poets Award with her first, *Theory of Flight*. It is in some ways a culmination of her steady growth, a mixture of short image-centered poems and the fifteen-part sequence which gives its title to the book. The poems are both "personal" and "social," containing the strong current of liberal protest evident throughout Rukeyser's career as poet.

Conversely, Diane Wakoski's *Waiting for the King of Spain*, her fifteenth collection, comes only fourteen years after her first book, *Coins and Coffins*, a collection published in 1962 not by a prestigious academic competition but by the obscure Hawkswell Press, edited then by the equally obscure Jerome Rothenberg. And while Wakoski's growth as a poet has been as sure as Rukeyser's, it has covered fewer years; it has also—because it started from the examples of Gertrude Stein and Wallace Stevens rather than Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams—gone in a different direction. Unlike Rukeyser's often visual poems, Wakoski's are not built on images or combinations of them so much as they work through repeated sounds—idiomatic refrains—to weave the separate sections of the poem into a whole. Perhaps the most noticeable difference is that Wakoski's poems do not divide readily into "personal" and "social." Her tactic is rather to use what appears to be the personal—sometimes the ultra personal, even trivial—as a means of reaching a wider kind of statement. A poem about her relationship with a neighbor's cat, for instance, turns out to be "about" the problems of life's duality; just as moral injustice is the real theme of her much-anthologized "Justice Is Reason Enough."

Given that these are some of the most apparent differences, a more important consideration here, both in reading Rukeyser and Wakoski and in reading much contemporary poetry written by women, is that these poems are searching for promise. The mythic quest—imaged by both poets here as the search for a lost beloved—brings neither sorrow nor stasis but a moving affirmation. As Wakoski writes,

Like a battleship,
my life goes on. Seen from an aerial view,
slow-moving, bulky and visible. It moves . . .
Like fire.
Like water.
Motion . . .

The process is self-knowledge, a recognition of one person's dependency on another; the method is change, growth, the capacity to know vulnerability. As Rukeyser writes in the conclusion to "Work, For the Day Is Coming."

. . . I move through states of being,
the struggle to wake, the frightful morning,
the flash of ecstasy among our mutilations,
the recognizing light shining and all night long
am invited led whipped dragged through states of being
toward the
inviting you through states of being poem.

For Rukeyser, "The Gates" await, open. For Wakoski, another King of Spain will appear. As Wakoski had written in "Story," "The story of my life/ is that/ it goes on." And Rukeyser affirms in poem eight of "The Gates,"

Woman seen as a slender instrument,
woman at vigil in the prison-yard,
woman seen as the fine tines of a pitchfork
that works hard, that is worn down, rusted down
to a fine sculpture . . .
she is here, she lives,
the slender tines of this pitchfork
standing in flames of light.

The poets' emphasis on the endurance of woman, as poet, as seer, runs through both these collections. Neither Rukeyser nor Wakoski is, strictly speaking, a "feminist" poet, but neither denies the specific strengths and understanding of their sex. Both collections include impressive poems about the poet as explorer of human needs and satisfactions. Through this process of exploration, and its necessary change, both poets appear to have come to their own identities, as creators and affirmers. As Rukeyser writes in "The Sun-Artist," a sequence poem dominated by images of light and motion:

Break of light! Sun in his colors
streaming into our lives.
This artist dreams of the sun, the sun, the children of the sun.

Frail it is and can be intercepted.
Fragile, like ourselves. Mirrors and prisms, they
can be broken.

Children shattered by anything.
Strong, pouring strong, wild as the power of the great sun.
Not art, but light. In distance, in smiting winter, the artist speaks: No art.
This is not art.
What is an artist? *I bear the song of the sun.*

For both these poets, art is the "song of the sun." It is also the "supreme fiction." And it seems also to have been the means to survival. □

Linda Wagner's most recent book is Interviews with William Carlos Williams *(New Directions).*

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

It has already been pointed out (*The Nation*, February 5) that the 1977 Whitney Biennial displays curatorial acquiescence in the monopoly enjoyed by a handful of New York art galleries. Eleven of the twenty video artists in this so-called survey show are from Castelli-Sonnabend Tapes and Features, and eighteen of the forty painters and sculptors come from the Paula Cooper, Droll-Kolbert and Sonnabend Galleries (four each) and Castelli, Pace, and Weber (two each). These galleries therefore provide twenty-nine of the sixty-odd artists: four of the artists appear in both categories, but that does not alter the fact that virtually 50 percent of the show comes from six sources. The exhibition is on three floors of the Whitney, on the third (until March 27) and on the first and fourth floors (until April 3).

Another biennial event (also running until April 3) is the 35th Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Selected by Roy Slade and Jane Livingston, director and curator respectively, it turned out to be a show of abstract paintings by artists born between 1937 and 1948 (with six older and two younger artists). If we take the years 1903-15 as the generation of the Abstract Expressionists and the 1920s as that of the second generation, we are faced here with the work of a third generation. They have been selected on a national basis. There are twenty-four artists in all, six from California, three each from Massachusetts, New York and Washington, D.C., two from Texas, and one each from Arizona, Georgia, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Mexico, Oregon and Virginia.

Three quasi-representational artists are included. There is John Alexander who, to quote Livingston, "makes of landscape a painted canvas that is as much an electrically coruscating membrane as it is a depicted expanse of terrain." Then there is Michael Clark who does flat pattern pictures of windows, a city boy's version of the old "membrane" and "terrain" problem. And finally O.W. "Pappy" Kitchens, a narrative folk artist who is here, quoting Livingston again, because "both the formal and narrative influence of folk art idioms manifestly pervade much American painting." This dizzy Bicentennial insight is offered to account for abstract paintings that do not fit into "modernist" aesthetics, but there is no need to dig up folk art for the purpose: the gestural tradition of abstract painting covers it nicely.

Among the core generation the prevailing impression, regardless of style, is of duplex composition. It is not a matter of opposing forces reconciled on the canvas but of complementary properties rationalized from the beginning: glowing colors but brittle geometry (Jeff Davis); ragged edges but painterly surface (Gregg Renfrew); swimming color but painterly skin (Darryl Hughto); a flurry of squiggles, but held still on bare canvas (Herbert Creecy), and so on. It seems well-mannered, shrewd and buttoned-down, an effect that is, I think, fairly representative of this generation of abstract painters. Thus the Corcoran registers an art historical occurrence, namely the attenuation of abstract art into essentially timid balancing effects, whereas the Whitney merely reflects a segment of the art market.

As it happens, there is yet a third survey show of current practice, the 76th *Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and Vicinity* at the Chicago Art Institute (until March 27). This exhibition alternates with a nationwide American show whose character is becoming more like that of the Whitney, but the Vicinity show is regional in emphasis, including slices of Wisconsin and Indiana as well as Illinois. It was selected by three jurors: Jane Livingston again, Kynaston McShine (a curator from the Museum of Modern Art) and Irving Petlin, a Chicago-born artist who no longer lives there. Together they are responsible for an overemphasis on the style and self-image of one aspect of Chicago art.

By the middle 1960s a post-Pop vernacular style had emerged in Chicago: a group called the Hairy Who, celebrating low culture and grotesque human imagery. Their predecessor was the sculptor H.C. Westerman and their followers, expert in the lurid, the ribald, the cute and the eccentric, are legion. Their works are as compulsive as the art of turn-of-the-century schizophrenics and as sexy in color as plastic toys. Jammed into the Art Institute, these artists' works appear as a mad scramble for regional identity. As a "Son of Who" show the exhibition has its interest, but as a sample of work in the area it had little validity. (It is as if three out-of-town curators came to New York and selected a big exhibition on the basis of, say, Andy Warhol's influence.)

Here, then, are three large exhibitions, each with some ambition, none of them satisfactory. At the Whitney the coalition of avant-gardism and commerce is oppressive: the show merely follows the market. At the Corcoran and the Art Institute, on the other hand, the shows have serious curatorial aims, but they seem misjudged: to survey a style at a point of maximum softness (abstract painting) or to study a region's art as though a Chamber of Commerce com-

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mittee were trying to fix an image for its city (post-Who) falls short of museum purposes. Despite the demands of artists and the curiosity of the public, there is a record of persistent intellectual failure and ethical misjudgment by the curatorial staffs of the museums that show modern art.

A further example of curatorial inadequacy is the Whitney catalogue text, signed by Barbara Haskell, Marcia Tucker and Patterson Sims. They refer to artists who create "an elusive spatial situation wherein the surface is at once both flat and receding." The concentration of their exhibition is supposed to be on the 1970s, but the 2D-3D relation, jazzed up by Livingston in terms of "membrane" and "terrain," is a characteristic of *all* paintings. What else characterizes the 1970s? Haskell-Tucker-Sims have the answer: "Art has become increasingly a matter of personal expression rather than the resolution of formal art problems." There are not many artists since Van Gogh who would disagree with this. Thus platitudes issue from the mouths of just those people in museums who are supposed to recognize and interpret recent and new art. No wonder artists have been stung to organize a Whitney Counterweight exhibition, housed at James Yu Gallery and Auction 393, at 393 West Broadway; Cayman Gallery, 381 West Broadway; Aames Gallery, 93 Prince Street; and Rabinovitch and Guerra, 74 Grand Street (through April 1). □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

A couple of years ago, at a New York concert in his honor, Dizzy Gillespie noted with considerable satisfaction that "our music has arrived. It's accepted; it's part of history."

That music—first called "bop," then, more formally, "modern jazz"—actually became accepted internationally a long time before that. Gillespie and such of his post-swing-era contemporaries as Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk had been solidly emplaced in the jazz pantheon by the 1950s. Yet it is understandable that Gillespie still feels impelled to break into an occasional victory dance, for the early stages of the war to legitimatize "bop" were harsh and sometimes brutal.

And it was indeed a war. In the early 1940s, many older jazz musicians, and their listeners, reacted to the defiantly complex rhythms and melody-obscuring harmonies of the "boppers" as orthodox believers always have to upstart heretics. Louis Armstrong, for instance, coldly dismissed the innovations of Gillespie and his colleagues as "Chinese music." And jazz buffs were split into such fiercely polemical camps that it seemed at the time as if there would never be a truce, let alone reconciliation.

Now, of course, the jazz mainstream has not only broadened to include Dizzy Gillespie but he is also the pre-eminent jazz trumpeter, having succeeded the late Louis Armstrong. As his newest album (*Dizzy's Party*, Pablo) demonstrates, respectability has not in the least led to complacency. Gillespie's technical resources are as stunning and daring as ever, but during the past decade have become more leanly functional. Or, as Gillespie told a 20-year-old apprentice trumpeter a few years ago, "It's taken me all my life to learn what not to play." His conception—the nature and direction of his ideas—has a Shavian assurance (brilliantly incisive, high-spirited, delighting in its own fecundity). And the Gillespie sound has evolved into myriad burnished colors, the envy of a good many classical trumpet players. At the foundation of it all is his time, his beat, his swing. "When I'm improvising," Gillespie says, "I have a rhythmic picture first." Whatever else is going on, "the rhythm comes first."

In view of the magisterial status of Gillespie these days, it is eminently appropriate that the Jazz Program of the Smithsonian Institution has issued a most instructive, let alone pleasurable, two-volume set, *Dizzy Gillespie: The Development of an American Artist, 1940-46* ($9, from the Smithsonian Collection, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013). Back in the early 1940s when not even Louis Armstrong was regarded by most cultural arbiters as "an American artist," the notion of that term being applied to the goateed, seemingly manic Gillespie would have seemed the most bizarre of parodies. But, as he says, history has justified him.

The set, containing thirty-three selections, follows the Gillespie odyssey through various bands (starting with Cab Calloway's) and small combos (including Gillespie's own), as well as a series of jam sessions at Monroe's Uptown House in Harlem. As assembled by the Smithsonian's exceptionally knowledgeable and careful jazz director, Martin Williams, the collection provides an unusually clear perspective on the stylistic development of a figure who, in turn, was to influence just about every young trumpet player in jazz since the 1950s. At first, as is crisply, stingingly evident, Gillespie's model was Roy Eldridge—high-powered, restless, risk-taking, but still rooted in the swing era. Gradually, Gillespie's own voice became more assertive and authoritative. There is, for example, the 1945 Gillespie performance—one which originally awakened many listeners to his fundamental lyricism—of *I Can't Get Started*.

The jazz work of the Smithsonian Institution will help considerably to make this kind of artist-in-progress illumination more widely and conveniently available than would be the case if one had to hunt through the reissue catalogues and record auction lists for oneself. Coming attractions include *Teddy Wilson: Statements and Improvisations, 1934-1942*, and *Fletcher Henderson: Developing an American Orchestra, 1923-1937*.

The current Gillespie set, in addition to discographical material and notes on the performances, includes statements by the artist. Among them: "All of the music is out there in the first place, all of it. From the beginning of time, the music was there. All you have to do is try to get a little piece of it. . . . I don't care how great you are, you only get a little piece of it." □

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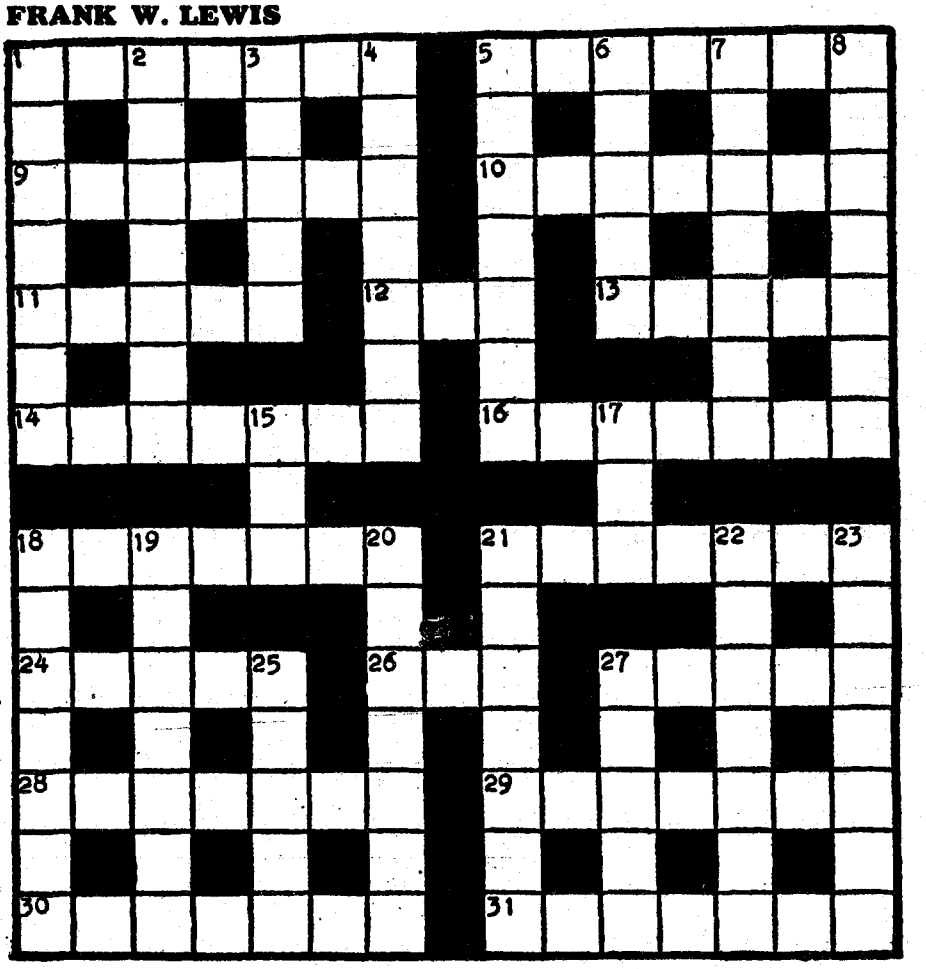

ACROSS

1 Runs off at the mouth like those who might give you the needle. (7)
9 Doing what Schliemann and Evans had to do. (7)
10 Carpet on a rolled-back stick—one that operates in a ring. (7)
11 The 17 type are no longer legal, but other types may still prove catchy. (5)
13 An indefinite amount—about a thousand—should obtain a French flower. (5)
14 One might get rid of the shells! (7)
16 Did a complaint about cold hands make this imitation? (7)
18 In a way, let up on the wealthy. (7)
21 Spanish basket game. (7)
24 The arrow, or at least part of it, might be found in mine. (5)
26, 12, 15 and 27 down A couple in favor of the theater traditionally follows this as a starter. (3,3,3,5)
27 A challenging alternative to 17, though it just might squeak by. (5)
28 Not having used any teeth on top? (7)
29 See 17 down
30 Finish the type of turn a radical lived through. (7)
31 Chesty's not exactly the right word for such cutting types. (7)

DOWN

1 and 18 down Hardy figure, but inconspicuous. (4,3,7)
2 and 5 across Those looking for no-limit action are more controlled nowadays. (3-4,7)
3 All but the end of the splinter is pulled up, but they're bad things. (5)
4 Accept by signature, but red could be this danger. (4,3)
5 Make an attempt at a non-vocal tune and tap your fingers repeatedly—it's monotonous! (7)
6 Paper version of 27 down. (5)
7 Restricted to a locality. (7)
8 Would this be the operative word? (7)
15 See 26 across
17 and 29 across Mauls, perhaps, but a person deals in such. (10)
19 Not invited, since one might find us naked. (7)
20 Lifted left front, right rear, then right front, left rear. (7)
21 Possibly stable portrayals. (7)
22 How to make a put-down. (7)
23 Such a clean state is passe, possibly, but shouldn't be! (7)
25 Not so wild at coming up on the French sea. (5)
27 See 26 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1670

ACROSS: 10 Lassies; 11 Iron ore; 12 Abandons; 13 Light; 15 Estes; 17 Abstainer; 19 Lawgivers; 21 Tacit; 23, 1 across and 6 Ready, willing and able; 24 Arachnid; 27 Layered; 28 Retakes; 30 Presidents. DOWN: 2 and 9 Last but not least; 3 Ixion; 4 Gasconade; 5 Nails; 7 Blow gun; 8 Electorate; 14 Jelly rolls; 16 Shipyard; 18 Sassafras; 20 and 1 down What You Will; 22 and 29 across Chicken soup; 24 Ardor; 25 Hated; 26 Isis.

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